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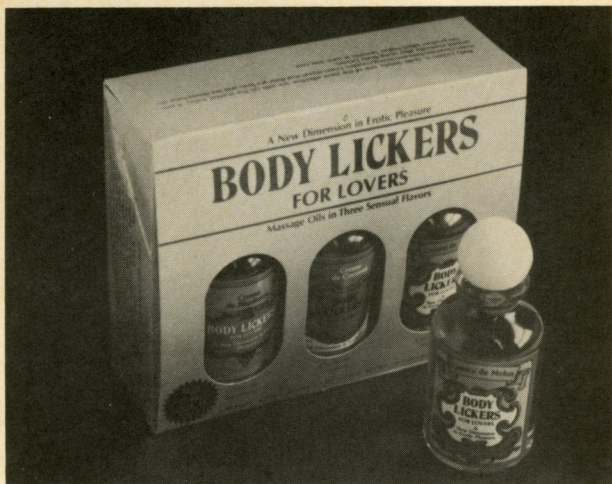


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Box 362, Canal St. Stat., NY, NY 10013

FOREWORD

Here on this construction site on the downtown east side of Manhattan, the huge equipment and machinery gives off a lot of secret little alleyways and crevices, where, if you know how to look, you can see an awful lot.

Especially those cute white ones, with the big cocks.

I guess any real story of construction has to start with Blackey.

The way the others used to say it, if you could take Blackey's fifteen, you could take anything.

And they meant anything.

It was easily as big as a fist around...and he had a set of balls to match.

There was no way you could hide a cock like that for very long.

I mean, you were your own best walking advertisement.

And after working for several hours, the funky sweat of your thighs rubbing up against that hammer could send out more signals than anyone knew what to do...

Like The Kid.

The Kid was a white boy, our dispatcher, in a funny sort of way.

Remember, we were a union shop, so we had to have a dispatcher even if there wasn't that much for him to do. Seems there's always one guy whose job it is to collect checks and maybe suck a dick or two...

CHAPTER ONE

Here on this construction site on the downtown east side of Manhattan, the huge equipment and machinery gives off a lot of secret little alleyways and crevices, where, if you know how to look, you can see an awful lot.

I make a good living working construction, its what I do best. I like the change of scenery, and the idea that what you do eventually turns into something you can see.

You know, you start with nothing but a hole of dirt, and you wind up with a building, a bridge, a school. I like that.

That and maybe a little something else.

And it's that something else that makes it all kind of interesting.

I've always felt that a man's world is just that, a world populated by men. And that if you want to be in that world, you have to like the smell of male sweat an awful lot...be it in the army, or the marines, or the police, or the sanitation department...or the hard hat brigade.

Oh yeah, sure, they have a couple women now who think they can work heavy duty equipment but they don't know shit about what's goin' in.

Yeah...

But essentially, construction, bro, is a male privilege...and one that I'm happy to be associated with...

If you get my drift...

All right then...

Let me tell you the way it is...

Let me fill you in on life at this particular Truck Stop...downtown site.

I've got all kinds of good stories...and all of them are true.

Ask any worker...cement man to bricker, they all know the facts and the figures...and the fun.

Especially those cute white ones, with the big

cocks.

I guess any real story of construction has to start with Blackey.

He was a legend around here for a long time, until he exchanged his site time for a union shot. And we all know why, don't we.

Sure we do.

Blackey was about twenty-five, and great looking; a big black youthful type; strong chin, smooth skin...everything cocoa perfect...especially his big cock.

And I guess that's what made him a legend. That cock of his...

It was enormous...and gorgeous...and about the biggest one anyone ever saw around here.

The way the others used to say it, if you could take Blackey's fifteen, you could take anything.

And they meant anything.

It was easily as big as a fist around...and he had a set of balls to match.

There was no way you could hide a cock like that for very long.

I mean, you were your own best walking advertisement.

And after working for several hours, the funky sweat of your thighs rubbing up against that hammer could send out more signals than anyone knew what to do...

Like The Kid.

The Kid was a white boy, our dispatcher, in a funny sort of way.

Remember, we were a union shop, so we had to have a dispatcher even if there wasn't that much for him to do. Seems there's always one guy whose job it is to collect checks and maybe suck a dick or two, generally getting into some kind of mischief when he has that kind of time on his hands.

I mean the sex trouble, Charlie.

That's right...

'Cause we had more shit going down than you could shake a black stick out.

And we proud of it.

And The Kid was the one who got the most of it, for better or for worse, depending on how important it was for him to be able to sit.

The Kid...

He was such a good boy...

Very collegiate looking...terrific curly hair, nice smile, and this cute moustache, like Rock Hudson had, only The Kid had his twenty years before the Rock even thought about growing his.

So I guess it was natural, that for pure fun and recreation, for a time away fro money and engines and tires and the like, Blackey and The Kid would like to just be alone and get it on.

And when they did...

Jesus...when they did...

They were legends, like I say.

It all began innocently enough...Blackey was in the john one morning, it was drizzling so there wasn't much for him to do 'cept do what he did best, in this case to jack himself off in the portajon back of the cement mixers.

He liked to go in there and take his fist out on a date, and all the guys knew it. There was a small peephole just next to the commode thing, and if you were lucky, or stupid, depending on whether or not you were caught, you could have a box seat to watch the one-man pumphouse gang do his thing.

It was sort of like the courtship between these two guys, the way it all started for them. The Kid knew about the hole, loved to watch Blackey do himself, and then, after awhile, it became a game. I mean, Blackey knew the kid was watching, liked it, and then went outside and caught the mother-fucker jacking himself off.

And that was it.

He was owned, as they say, by Blackey.

And I guess that's not so bad if you like to be led around by your dick, and let's face it, who doesn't.

Specially by a big black stud like Blackey.

Sometimes they liked to get into the back of Blackey's big office in the porta-van where he kept the bricklaying blueprints, and begin by putting their lips together.

They could really kiss...

Like steam time, if you know what I mean...

They'd put their mouths together and they'd pull themselves tight...as Blackey would begin to undo The Kid's clothes.

The Kid dressed in work clothes, with his sleeves rolled up tight, one side holding a pack of smokes, both arms rippling with muscles.

Those ripples drove Blackey nuts!

He stared at them, and they made his mouth water.

What those ripples could do to his prick...what kind of strength he could have pulling on his prick.

I remember one time...

"Come one," The Kid said, "Let me feel it...let me feel that weapon of yours."

Blackey smiled.

"It's the biggest dick you'll ever feel..."

"You better believe it, partner..."

And with that, The Kid reached down and took the bull by the horns.

And the driver by the balls!

He let his fingers wrap around and start to slowly stroke...

Slowly...

Feeling the thing getting bigger as he did.

"Do you like it...does it feel good?"

The Kid's voice was husky now, and rough with anticipation.

"You know I do..." Blackey said, trying as hard as he could not to let anything get out of control.

"Lean back...lean back on the boxes...go on...lean back...let me do all the work...go on..."

So he did...

He did just that...

He went back and felt his legs opening up.

The Kid was quick to get him out of his clothes...to make sure he was completely stripped nude...

"Yeah...baby...yeah...give it to me...let me see it..."

Blackey smiled softly and spread his thighs.

If that's what The Kid wanted, that's what The Kid was going to get...

And now, his legs were really spread wide...

And The Kid's hands...both hands, were on his shaft.

God, but that felt good...

There was something about the way The Kid stroked cock...

He wasn't very rough, but he was firm...

That was it...

He was firm...and he knew how to handle prick...

He knew how to handle it...and that was important...

That was extremely important to him...

So...

As he continued to be fondled by his friend, he knew that he was going to have a tremendous time...

"Stroke it," he said softly..."let me feel your

fingers moving the skin up and down..."

The Kid smiled.

He liked it when Blackey gave him orders.

It made him feel kind of good inside...

"Yes...yes...that's right...that's so good...yes..."

He couldn't believe it...

Blackey was starting to move his hips slowly...enjoying the way it felt, being felt up and slowly jerk-stroked like this.

"Now..." he said, licking his lips, "Suck on it a while...go on...suck on it...let me feel it...let me feel it working in your mouth..."

The Kid looked at him and smiled.

Domination.

The gentle art of persuasion.

He let his own tongue come out and swirl around his lips, getting them all wet...making them nice and hot and wet...

"Now..." Blackey said, easily, "I want you to kiss it...go ahead, give it a great big kiss..."

The Kid laughed.

A great big kiss.

What was he supposed to be, a Great Dane or something?

He looked at the enormous cock in front of him, and that huge undervein that snaked below from the head...

He loved it.

He was mesmerized by it and he knew it.

He was charmed and delighted by it and didn't think there was anything he couldn't do with it...

And he liked that...

He liked it a lot...

And then...then, he found himself puckering his lips and bringing them down to the big dick in front of him...

That gorgeous cock!

He put his lips right on the rosy tip, and let them rest there while he gave it a great big kiss!

A huge, smacking one!

"OHHHHH..."

Blackey like that, all right!

He loved it when he allowed himself to slide back and luxuriate in the sheer joy of being kissed.

But The Kid didn't stop there...

He wasn't intending to let things hang, as it were.

He wanted to take that enormous joy stick in his mouth and really kiss it...really get down and do a job on his friend.

He started to lick and suck the thing, taking it wide in his hot mouth...

He couldn't just slide down on it, he knew that.

It was way too big and rich for that.

He had to work his mouth down to it...slowly...easily...letting it fill him up.

So he did, working his lips down all around it...

He was amazed at the way it came in him...so thick and juicy, like a rare slab of steak.

And each time he pushed his mouth further down on it, he could feel it going in...

God, The Kid thought to himself just at that moment...how he loved to suck cock!

How he loved to have it go in his mouth and fill him up...

It was just about the greatest feeling there was...

And he knew it...

He just knew it and loved it...

Now, it was almost all the way down his throat...and he started to pull back just a little...

Not too much...but just enough to make sure he could get it to hit the wiggler in the back of his throat before pulling it all the way so he could get a fresh breath of air.

"You suck so good," Blackey said, easily...out of breath with lust...

"Yeah..."

"Now...take it in again...go on..."

The Kid didn't have to be told twice...he opened his mouth and took it deep...very deep...as deep as he could get it, and let it work on his mouth again...

His wet lips slid all along the velvet skin...taking it in...feeling it...having it go deep down the back of his throat..

This time he went all the way down...

As far as he could go...

Until his face was nestled into Blackey's groin...

Where he felt his friend's pubic hairs pushing in

all around his mouth and chin, even tickling his nose...

God, what a feeling that was...

How soft and warm it felt going inside of him...

He knew that he couldn't hold back any longer.

He had to please Blackey...to please him for all that he was getting...for all that his friend was giving...

"Yeah," Blackey said now, husky, "Suck it...keep on sucking it...give it to me deep...go on...deep..."

"Unnnhhh..."

"Deeper..."

Blackey tilted his head to one side to be able to better watch what was being done to him.

He started to stroke the side of The Kid's face.

"Yeah...so good...that's real good, boy...really..."

And now he was petting his friend and really giving him all the encouragement he needed.

And that wasn't all that much...not needed anyway...

So he felt The Kid's mouth going all the way down, and as he pulled out, he could feel The Kid's tongue working that under-muscle...

"You're good," he moaned...softly..."So good..."

And with that The Kid began to serious do some mouth humping

He wanted to pleasure Blackey the best way he could...he wanted him to feel it deep in his

stomach...to have his gonads twisting with pleasure...

"Ohhhhh...yeah...yeah..."

The Kid knew how to get what he wanted. He knew how to twist cock in his mouth until it was dangling with pleasure...

And that was good...

So good...

And then...when he didn't think he was going to be able to hold off any longer, he reached up and took those pillow balls in his hands and began to squeeze them...

Easily...

Softly...

Working them up and feeling them get all puffy...

"Yeah...that's it...that's right...so good...that's so good, boy..."

"Ohhhhh..."

Blackey was really humping now...as if he were doing some fucking...

Harder and harder he pumped...

All the while gasping and sighing with pleasure...

"Yeah...yeah...so good...so good...ohhhh...you suck so good..."

It was music to The Kid's ears.

He knew he was good wit his mouth...he knew he had a certain style...

And that was fine with him...

Just fine...

As long as he could keep it up...

As long as he could feel it...that was fine...

"Yeah...suck me deep...take it deep, The Kid..."

The Kid was moving his whole head in and out, and up and down.

He was on his knees now as he sucked...

And his two hands served as a pumping machine, holding on to Blackey's dick, pumping it and making it feel so good...until he'd let go and do some more work on the guy's balls!

Over and over again The Kid could hear Blackey gasping for it...loving the way it felt as he moved his hips up and down...

"Hhhhhuuuunnnnhhhh...I'm going to come...I'm going to...come...ohhhh..."

"Yeah..." The Kid said, taking it out of his mouth..."Yeah..."

And then, he continued to lick and suck, until finally, he could feel something happening...

He could feel the familiar contractions taking place inside of Blackey's balls...

And the throbbing getting stronger in his cock.

He was going to come!

He was really going to shoot a thick load, right into his face...

Blackey suddenly grabbed his friend by the head and held him...just like that...while he moved his hips back and forth, in and out, humping for all he was worth...

"Take it...take it...ohhh God, take it..."

The Kid was sucking as hard as he could, feeling the hairs scratching his face...

He was going out of his mind with it...just out of his mind!

Come on, he was thinking...let it go...let it go right into me...come on...

And then, before he knew what was happening, he could feel it coming in huge thick goblets of come!

Right into his mouth!

Right down his throat...

So good...

So incredibly good!

"OHHHH...YES...SUCK IT...SUCK IT
BABY...TAKE IT ALL IN...SO
GOOD...YEAH..."

The Kid could feel it running down the back of his throat, that vanilla, salty sticky stuff getting all hot and gooey inside of him...

He slowly pulled out the wet, hot-coated cock from his mouth, holding it firmly at the base while he licked his own lips.

He really loved the way it tasted...the way it felt inside of him...

He looked at it, wondrously.

He was in love with this cock...

The sheer majesty of it...

So big...

So big and so hot... .

He couldn't get over it...

He just wanted it to come and come and come ...

That would have made him so fucking happy...

Now, he began to slowly lick it clean...to get every drop of cum that had settled on it, even the dried spots, back into his mouth...

He licked and sucked steadily...making sure he was getting it all in...

And then, when he was ready...when he was finally finished, he looked up and smiled.

"That was incredible," Blackey said.

"I know...it really was..."

"You're such a good cocksucker..."

The Kid smiled.

"Thanks...you're such a good cock..."

Blackey laughed.

He liked it when The Kid talked to him like that.

There was a tapping at the back of the truck.

"Now, who do you suppose that could be?"

"Probably Wooley...he's working with me tonight and he knows we're in here..."

Wooley.

The Kid's new union journeyman.

He couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty years old...a mere child...

But old enough, Blackey knew...

Old enough to be the cutest, hottest little assistant around.

"Well, what are we waiting for...let's open the door..."

The Kid smiled.

"Sure...let's do it...let's open the door and see what's on his mind..."

"Yeah...I wonder what..."

The Kid slowly stood up...his own cock pulsing through his jeans.

He went to the door and opened it.

Wooley was standing there, grinning.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothin'" Wooley said, easily. "Just that you guys make an awful lot of noise, you know, for a couple of cool guys..."

The Kid smiled and pulled him inside.

Wooley went with no resistance.

He was young but he was cool.

He knew what was happening...

He knew that there was a party going on...and he wanted to be invited...

He wanted to join the fun!

"Come on in, sweetie..."

Blackey was bursting with a new hard-on. Just the very thought of some young fresh meat sent him into a whole new, energized state.

"This is my new boy..."

"I know...I know...let's see what you have..."

He wanted Wooley to strip for him.

But the boy was too hip for that.

"You want me out of my jeans?"

"That's right," Blackey said.

"Well, then, why don't you take them off for me?
Come on...take them off..."

Blackey looked at The Kid.

"He's a smart kid...he learns fast..."

"You have to around here," The Kid said.

And now...now...he could feel his hands starting
to work on his assistant.

The Kid was going to have the honors of doing
the stripping.

Slowly, he put his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"Just relax...and we'll show Blackey just what it
is that makes you so special..."

As if he didn't know, Blackey told himself as he
watched The Kid start to take the kid's clothes off...

It was marvelous...a real show...one that he
wouldn't soon forget...

"Yes..." he said, easily..."You have quite a body,
little boy..."

Now, Wooley was completely nude, his young
stallion cock standing proudly.

He put his own fist on it.

"You like it?"

"Yes...very much..."

"I'm glad..."

"Come here..."

Blackey wanted him...and wanted him now!

And as the boy came over, The Kid began to take

off the rest of his clothes.

There was going to be a party now for sure!



CHAPTER TWO

There was something about the look in Wooley's eyes that just made Blackey's big black dick twitch with lust!

He just wanted to get into that kid's pants and fuck the shit out of him...

But that wasn't exactly what The Kid had in mind.

Oh...no...

It was something more like...well...he figured he'd done his duty...he'd done his fucking and now

he wanted to get something out of it.

Something very specific.

He knew just what he wanted...

Just what he wanted to get from the guy.

And that was fucked!

Up the ass...

So now, he started to push away some of the boxes, while Wooley stood there, with his own cock in his hand, holding it like a weapon...wielding it and getting ready for the party he so wanted to join.

"What...what's going on," Blackey said, not particularly scared or anything...just eager to find out what the real story was here...

"We're going to continue our little party...with help from Wooley..."

"I want to fuck the boy..."

"I know you do...there's just one problem..."

"What's that..."

"I want to fuck you...so one of us has to do what the other one wants..."

Blackey got the message.

Loud and clear.

This was The Kid's turf.

His truck stop.

His young boy.

So there could be no arguing about who was going to do what to whom.

Blackey was privileged to have The Kid in the first place and he knew it.

He knew there was no way he was going to have to give him up...

And so he'd have to fuck him.

That much was clear.

But what wasn't clear, was why The Kid had brought Wooley into the picture.

What did he want with the young kid.

What was his role going to be?

He could hardly wait.

He really was eager to have the boy join them.

However The Kid wanted.

It was going to be all right with him.

He was sure...

Now, he licked his chops as he stared at Wooley's cock.

"You're really well hung, kid..."

"Thanks," Wooley said, all smiles.

"Now..." The Kid said, softly, "Why don't you like back...just like back on those flat cartons and let me do all the work..."

There was an offer, Blackey thought, that he couldn't resist...

Really...

He was all for it...

All for lying back and letting the boys do all the work...

You couldn't get that kind of deal anywhere these days...

So he did it...

Just the way they said...

Just the way they wanted.

He went on his back and stretched his hands out...

"Good...that's good..."

The Kid liked what he saw for a very specific reason.

That humongous cock of Blackey's...

It was sticking up and listing just a little off to the right...

Even when it was rock hard, like it was now, salivating out of the tip with the anticipation of what was going to be done to it, it had a little tilt to it...

And that made it all that more attractive to The Kid...

Because he knew it would be a harder ram-rod...and a more abusive one...tearing up the innards of his own asshole!

For that was what he had in store for this tough motherfucker...

He was going to sit on the man's dick, and slowly get fucked.

"Easy now...easy," he said, instructing Wooley to suck on it a little, to get it wet...

Wooley didn't have to be told twice.

In a flash he was down on his naked ass, and doing quite a job of sucking...

He was holding Blackey's killer cock in both fists, moving it slowly up and down, letting the feel of it start to really get to him...

Over and over he stroked it, until he couldn't stand it any longer...until his lips had made every inch of that great dinger as wet as they could get it...

Then...and only then, did The Kid softly tap him on his shoulder.

Post time!

He wanted the boy to get up and start to give him some room.

The Kid leaned over the swooning Blackey.

"Know what I'm going to do to you now, boy?"

Blackey just looked at him, his face flushed.

"No...what..."

"I'm going to sit on your cock...I'm going to sit on your cock and make you fuck me...what do you think of that...what do you think about that, my friend..."

Blackey broke out in a smile.

He'd wanted to fuck The Kid for the longest time.

Really...

And now...

Now he was going to get his opportunity...

And it really turned him on!

And what made the whole thing twice as hot was the fact that they weren't alone.

Wooley was there...

Wooley was there and ready and willing to watch the whole show!

Yeah!

Now, The Kid slowly came on top of Blackey's

hard, flat stomach, and sat on it...

Easy...

Not to hard...

But just above the man's cock and balls.

"There," he said, "That's comfy...at least I am, what about you..."

"Unnnhhhhh..."

Blackey's grunt was all that The Kid needed to hear.

He looked over and Wooley, who was grinning and still holding his own cock.

"I'm going to get fucked now," he said to Wooley..."I want you to watch very carefully...all right? I want you to make sure you don't miss a single trick...that's very important, you know...very very important..."

"I'm a good learner...don't worry, The Kid...I won't miss a thing..."

The Kid smiled.

"Good...then watch this..."

And with that, he began to really go to work...

He stroked the side of Blackey's face...easily...with his hands...letting the man feel it as he did...

"Yes...baby...yes...I'm going to sit on your cock...on that huge cock...and I'm going to take it right up my ass...right up that hot, huge ass of mine...all right? Is that all right?"

He knew it was...

He just knew it...

And so did Blackey, who was practically gasping with anticipation...

He really wanted to feel it...

Really...

Deep up his hot ass...

And he was going to make it good for the both of them...

He promised himself that.

And for Wooley too.

It was important that the boy learned correctly...

That he learned to do things just the way they were supposed to be done.

To understand how good it could really be...

That was so important...

And since he was The Kid's protege, The Kid felt personally responsible for the boy.

Because he wasn't just another one of those kids...coming in from who knows where, going out to the other side of nowhere...finding himself lost in it...

No...

He was a good boy...

A young stud who could go far by using his body smartly...

And this was a terrific way to break that side in...

While he was still young and blonde and good-looking enough to attract his way to the top.

He knew that.

He knew that very well...

And meant to make the most of it...

So, he leaned forward and watched, intently, as the ass-fucking began.

He'd never actually seen it done to anyone before...

It was a whole new experience for him, one that he was really loving...

And then...

Finally...

He was ready...

He was ready to see it happen...

And it was better than any porno film he'd ever see, he knew that...

A million times better...

Because this was real...the real thing...right before his eyes.

He knew he was privileged...that The Kid was sort of promoting him in some kind of strange way by letting him watch.

He only hoped he proved to be worthy of it!

Now, he was staring, deep into the spread between Blackey's legs.

He couldn't quite see Blackey's face, but he could hear the soft moans coming from his lips.

Those soft, incredible moans...

And he knew there was nothing he could do now but drink it all in!

"Ohhh...oohh...what...what..."

Blackey was moving his head slowly from side to side.

He knew what...

He knew very well what...

He was having his ass worked over, that was what...

He was having it worked over slowly...securely...and he was loving it...loving the way it was feeling...

And now, The Kid's hands came up just a little...and began to stroke his balls...

Hard...

So hard...

So very hard...

"There..." he said easily..."You like that? You like your cock in my hands?"

It was a position of power he was in...there was no question.

And he knew it...

He knew he had Blackey just where he wanted him...

And he liked that...

Liked it a lot...

"Ohhhh..."

"Come on...tell me...tell me what it's all about...boy...come on..."

"Your hand...your...oohhh..."

"Yes...what about my hand..."

Blackey squirmed under him...

"You're driving me...crazy..."

"Good...that's so good..."

Now, The Kid increased the way he was working on him...letting his hand slide all the way up to the head, lingering there while he gently stroked the tip, getting those dripping lube drops all over his palm, then sliding it down so it covered Blackey's prick...

"Ohhhh..."

"You like that, don't you...you like that a lot..."

"It's...ohhh...God...The Kid...The Kid...what are you doing..."

"I'm playing with your prick...you know that...you know that very well...I'm playing with your hot prick..."

Now, he was moving his hand harder and harder, until he could tell by the squirming and jerking that was going on underneath him that Blackey couldn't take much more with coming...

"What is it...what..."

Still, The Kid wanted to taste him...

Looking down on him from sitting on his stomach, from a position of total power...

"Ohhh...God..."

"What..."

"Ohhh..."

"Tell me...come on...tell me so that I can hear it...so that Wooley can hear it too...come on..."

"I want you to...I want you to..."

"Come on...boy...tell me..."

"I want you to...OOHHH..."

"Yeah!"

"I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME..."

"OOHHH...THAT'S SO GOOD...THAT'S SO GOOD..."

The Kid now raised his hips just a little, and brought the heels of his feet up against the side of Blackey's hips...

He was holding on real tight to his prick, not letting it out of his hands, as much as he wasn't letting Blackey's eyes out of his own stare...

He was going to watch the guy get it...

He was going to watch him take some deep cock into his own ass...

Just the way The Kid wanted...

That was perfect!

Now, he continued to stroke him, until he knew that he was ready...

"I'm going to sit on it now, buddy...I'm going to sit on your prick..."

"OOHHHHH..."

"That's right...on your hard prick...and you're going to love it...you're going to love it so good..."

Blackey knew it...

He knew he was going to love it...

He couldn't wait...

He was practically coming in his pants...

And now...

Now...

He was starting to heave...

He could feel The Kid's hot asshole sliding down, off his stomach, and hovering above his cock..

The Kid really had to ride high to be able to get above that cock...

And now...

Now he was ready...

Now he was ready to take it...

To take it deep...

So deep...

He was on fire...

He felt the tip of that cock sliding around the crack of his ass...

And then, with one smooth, cool motion, he took it in...

Deep...

Right into his asshole...

And held it there!

"OHHHHHH..."

Blackey couldn't believe it!

It was so good...so hot and thick the way it filled him up...

He was going out of his mind...

He wanted it so bad...

And so did The Kid!

Now, he looked down at the contorted face of Blackey...the face of pleasure and pain, and watched while he pushed that thing deeper inside his own

ass...

"Yeah...yeah...that's right...that's it...take it...deep..."

He was talking softly now...gently guiding his friend to do just what it was he wanted...he knew how to make him feel so good...so hot and good inside...

And he was right...

Over and over, Blackey was moving his head from side to side, his tongue sticking out, his mouth salivating with it...

"Yeah, baby...yeah...you like it...you like it, don't you..."

"Ohhhh..."

"Tell me..."

"I...I..."

Blackey was gasping so hard he could hardly speak...

"I like it so much...it's so good..."

"Now, I'm going to fuck the shit out of you...I'm going to move around on you until you go crazy...just crazy..."

And true to his word, The Kid started thrusting his hips forward...

It was unbelievable!

The way that Blackey was giving cock!

He couldn't hold off any longer...He reached around and grabbed hold of his own balls and held them...held them tight until he was able, finally, to

move his hands up the shaft a little and begin to jerking himself off...that's what he wanted...that's what he needed...to feel it against his own hand as well as deep into the tumid ass of his new lover...

"Yes...ohhh...yes...ohhh...so good...yes...yes...yes..."

And now, The Kid, smiling down at his moaning prey, reached for his own cock, so hot and tall in front of him...

And began jerking it off...

"OH CHRIST...YES...COME ON ME...COME ALL OVER MY FACE...YES..."

He couldn't believe it...

He was going to get a splash right on his own face...while still fucking The Kid in the ass!

Over and over, The Kid moved his hand on his own cock...

He was going to come...

He was going to shoot his stuff in Blackey's face...

And it was all too much for Wooley!

He couldn't take just sitting and watching anymore.

He had to participate.

He had to get in there and do some of it himself!

Otherwise, he'd have missed out on one of the greatest fucks of all time!

So he slowly moved his naked and excited body until his head was right between the legs of Blac-

key...

And in that position, it was easy for him to stick his little tongue out and start to lick at his cock and balls...his hard cock and balls...

What an incredible sensation for Blackey.

He had his cock buried deep inside of The Kid's ass...his own hand was stroking his cock and balls...The Kid was jerking off in his face...and now...now...Wooley's hot mouth was working on him...giving it to him really good...licking and sucking on his hot, big balls...

That was it...

That was all he was able to take...

He knew he was going to come...

There was no way he could hold off any longer...

"I'M GOING TO COME...I'M GOING TO SHOOT IT...DEEP IN YOUR ASS..."

And as soon as The Kid felt the hot spurts going deep inside of him, he too had to come...he was coming now all over Blackey's face.

It was quite a scene, all right...

There was sperm all over...everything...

Including the kid, Wooley's face...

I've never seen anything like it...

And the boys down here at the truck stop say that there was never a hotter trio than those three...

And I guess I'd have to agree...

I'd have to go along with that...there never was a finer tripling than that group.

The Kid was the best at putting scenes together...all he ever needed was a little inspiration...a little inspiration and he was fine!

When Blackey finally pulled out that night, I mean off the construction site, not The Kid's ass, there was a real buzz in the air.

Everyone seemed to sense it.

Maybe it was the full moon...who knows...

But it was a night where no one felt like pulling the plug and calling it quits.

Especially not The Kid.

He was up and ready for anything.

Wooley was exhausted by it all, that was kind of obvious to see.

So he kicked it in the head and went off to sleep.

And for a long time The Kid just sat on the edge of his seat, by the back and checked his work sheets.

It was as if he were waiting for someone...for something...

And sure enough, The Kid's face lit up.

Jeremiah.

Jeremiah, one of the senior electricians...the one who liked to take it up the ass every so often.



CHAPTER THREE

The Kid and Blackey went back another lifetime to when they both sang in the church choir.

Before they got involved in the present-tense world of construction, and the nightside of the action, on the lots, in the vans, between the legs.

They were two of the biggest, most popular guys on the Manhattan site, and it didn't bother anyone, shit it probably helped them a whole lot that they were gay.

That they were, in fact, lovers...

But that was the long and the short of it.

Lovers they were...

And very happy to be so.

They would fall into each other's arms at the end of a day's sweat, after the rest of the fellows had left the lockers, and do nothing but caress and hold themselves until they both shared a long and deep mutual orgasm.

That was the way they did it, and it seemed that both of them were destined to have some kind of hot physical career happening...they were both that good.

Maybe too good.

I mean, I'm no one to ask, but the scuttlebutt around the site is that they were finally caught the day they got too careless, and when they did, it was by the wrong guys.

The straight Union Italian dudes.

Like I said, it was only a rumor, but some rumors have the ring of truth to them, don't they...

And this certainly did seem like one of those stories that could have been true...

I mean, it did seem to make some sense.

So, The Kid left for a while, Blackey tried to make a living out there alone, and when he finally got this gig, and who really knows how that happened, all seemed quiet once again.

Until those occasional visits when Blackey would

come to the site at night...to this site..and try to pick up some kind of pieces...

And it was always the same...

Always...

It was very emotional and very good time.

Like this last time I started to tell you about.

It didn't take long for The Kid to wind up with Blackey, back at the van they both liked the best...the private slot that was really The Kid's kind of office and home, all combined into one.

It was a lovely place...

The kind of place that could double for a man's living room...except it was really the back of a soon to be Hi-Rise.

And that's the way The Kid wanted it.

No more, no less.

As soon as they were alone they fell into each other's arms.

"I need a shower...been working a long time," Blackey said.

"I like it better when you're like this," The Kid moaned.

Blackey smiled.

Their lips met and locked, while they fished for each other's zippers.

Now, I know for a fact that The Kid's got one of the biggest chainsaws around, but you'd have to go a long way to find one as big and black as Blackey's...

It was like the rest of him...strong, muscled and well-proportioned.

And The Kid liked that.

He felt comfortable with it...

It was something he could live with...

And now...

Now he was feeling Blackey's Blackey while Blackey was into his...

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Nothing's really changed, has it pal," Blackey said.

Not for The Kid.

Not even if he'd fucked so hard and so much the little while earlier.

It didn't matter at all.

Now, it was as if Blackey never existed.

That's how hot and hard The Kid was.

"You have the greatest dick in the world," Blackey said to him, fondling it as he did so...biting his nipple to make the point stick home...

"Yeah...so good...so fucking good..."

And then, he was going down...down to his knees...

"Yeah, baby...kiss it...give it a good one..."

Blackey knew his lessons well.

He put his nose right into the soft swell of The Kid's balls and took a deep breath.

God, but that was so good!

He loved the way it felt...

Loved it...

And the smell...

The strong aroma...

It was too much!

It was like breathing the finest ambrosia...

It was like nothing else in the world...

So musky and thick and smooth...

Now, he parted his lips and held The Kid's balls in his hand, squeezing them, milking them like a bull's.

"Yeah, man...take it deep...take it in deep..."

And he did just that...

He went all the way in...until he couldn't take anymore...

And began to suck...

Hard and long...

Letting his tongue go all the way down and then out again, licking, paying special attention to his balls...

Those jewels floating through his fingers...

"Ohhhh..."

It was too much for The Kid...

He stood there, his hand slowly petting the back of Blackey's head, then suddenly taking a deeper and stronger grip, until finally, he had to hold him firmly in place while he felt him sucking him...sucking him off and doing such a good job...

"Mmmmmfff..."

"Yeah...take it deep..."

"Mmmfffff..."

"You like it, don't you...you like it so much..."

"Mmmfffff..."

"Suck it, you mother...suck it for all you're worth...let me feel your tongue making love to it..."

That's what he wanted and that's what he got.

Standing up!

All the while standing up!

It really was quite enjoyable...and he knew that he was going to shoot...if Blackey didn't slow down...

Not that he wanted him to...

He wanted that boy to keep sucking him deep...

There was nothing like getting deep-throated by Blackey...

He was the best...

He was an All-American pro...the best cock-sucker on the team!

Faster and faster he moved his head...in and out...in and out...until he felt himself starting to let go...

And that's when he knew...that's when he knew he was going to come...

Deep...

Deep into Blackey's hot mouth!

Jesus but he was on fire now!

His hips were moving steadily, back and forth...and he was loving it...

"Yeah...that's it...that's it..."

Now, The Kid took hold of his own cock and held it tight...

Held on to it, making sure that he could feel it as deep as he wanted...that he could direct it with his hands...

"Take it...take it deeper..."

And that's exactly what he did. Blackey opened his mouth and tried to relax the back of his throat in such a way that he could feel it sliding right into him...stuffing him all the way down...stuffing him until his mouth was completely full...and he could feel The Kid's balls bouncing off his chin...

God, what a delicious feeling that was...to be able to feel it working on his face...

Being worked over by cock on his face...

The Kid looked down at his buddy.

There was no question but Blackey was one of the great cocksuckers of all time...he really had a way of doing it that was incredible.

Like everything that Blackey did...it was special...it was hot...and it was incredible...

He was totally taken with it now...and loving the way it was happening...

He could smell that husky male aroma around The Kid's dick...

And if he didn't know better, he could swear that the boy had been up to something...and recently.

And that only made him laugh.

That was The Kid.

The one in school who could never get enough...
Not even now...

It all had the logical effect on him, making him suck even deeper than before, until finally he was able to take it so deep that he thought for a second he was going to choke, before slowly drawing it out of his mouth...

Completely.

He wanted to look at it.

He wanted to see it glistening in the glow of the little back cabin.

"You still have the best dick in the business," he said to The Kid.

"You're such a flatterer..."

"No...I mean it...I really mean it...so big and straight and so incredibly hard! Do you ever get soft?"

"I try not to..."

It made Blackey laugh.

And then he went back to it...licking and sucking for all he was worth, making a meal out of his friend once more.

Only this time he was doing it in earnest...really sucking on it and working it up in his mouth.

He was going to make it feel so good...so hot and so good...he couldn't get over it...

He wanted that dick to come in his mouth.

He wanted to taste The Kid's come...

It had been so long...

Too long, as far as Blackey was concerned.

"Come on...come on...let me have it...let me have it, The Kid...come on..."

He sucked as hard as he could, squeezing those incredible balls each time he thrust his head forward...until he could feel the familiar sensations of The Kid's hips pushing in and out...

As if he were fucking some gorgeous tight-assed quarterback...

"Mmmfffff..."

Now, he was using his mouth in earnest...really letting it work...going all the way with it...until finally, he was going to come himself...he was going to shoot his load...

He could feel it happening...

He could feel it starting to come...

And he was loving it...

Loving the way it tasted and loving the way it felt...

So good...

So hot and so fucking good...

And so familiar...

Like great aged wine!

"I...shit...Blackey...give it to me...give it to me good...come on...give it to me good..."

And Blackey did just that...

While The Kid held on to his own cock, Blackey put his hands on his friend's hips, for leverage, and really began to do a number on him.

In and out...

In and out...

Until he knew that he had him!

The Kid was going to come!

He was going to get off!

“OHHHHH...YES...YES...OHHHH...THAT’S IT...THAT’S IT BOY...YES...OHHHH...”

This only made Blackey suck even harder than ever!

He was desperate to taste his friend’s salty come...

He wanted it to slither down his throat, like the old days, winding up deep in the pit of his stomach...

“Mmmmfff...”

The Kid grabbed the back of his head.

“OHHHH...YEAH...YEAH...THAT’S IT...THAT’S JUST IT...OHHHHH...”

And then he was really shooting his load...gushes of it coming right out of his cock, barreling into Blackey’s hot, eager and waiting mouth.

So good...

It was so good...

He couldn’t get over how much he actually came.

He thought he must have shot for a good five minutes...at least he felt that way...and when he finally finished, he pulled his cock slowly out of Blackey’s dripping mouth.

“That was incredible...” he said softly, still stroking his friend’s hair...

"Yeah...I know..."

And then, he was leaning down on his own knees..."

"What..."

"I want to do you now...come on...let me do you..."

"Yes..."

And with that, he started to push Blackey backwards, gently.

He knew that Blackey was going to be a willing victim.

They'd done too much together not to be able to do it now...

And that's what they wanted...

That's what they really wanted...

From each other...

Even after all these years.

Blackey didn't resist at all when he felt the hands coming up to him, stroking his prick, making it get as hard as it could be...

You still have the best dick..."

"You too..."

He meant it...

He really meant it...

And now, he was getting ready to do some sucking on his own...

He watched as Blackey slowly relaxed back on his elbows, and got himself comfortable.

And then he began to work on him.

Slowly.

Easily.

Yet quite deliberately.

He knew just how to do it.

He began by flicking his tongue out at the guy's cock, so that it washed just over the head...giving it as much as he could without actually sucking it.

The effect was immediate and electric.

Blackey arched his back.

He could feel the pressure building inside of him.

He loved getting head from The Kid.

It transported him back to another time and another place...

A better time and place...

Now, as he felt The Kid's lips tightening around his joint, he was getting himself ready.

He knew that he was going to have to return the favor.

He knew he was going to have to come for his friend.

That he wanted to!

It was the unspoken rule they'd always lived by.

Do for me, and I'll do for you...

Now, on his hands and knees, The Kid was already getting into it...working and sucking and licking and chewing.

He got the head of Blackey's big cock in his mouth and swirled his tongue all around it...getting used to it, letting it come down on him, flowing all

around and working itself up...

It was really something, and he knew it...

It was the kind of thing that he loved doing because, among other things, he loved being the best!

And he was the best at this...

No question...

Now, he slowly began to introduce a steady rhythm to it...

Over and over...

In and out...

Until finally, he was able to take the whole thing down his throat.

Deep throat?

He invented it, as far as Blackey was concerned.

And when he reached up and took his balls in his hands, and squeezed them, The Kid thought he was going to go crazy...

He really did...

He loved the way that felt...the way it felt when he was being gripped.

It was sensational...

Spectacular...

And he loved it!

Now, he nuzzled his nose into his friend's balls, and then he put his mouth back to work.

"Yeah...suck that thing...suck it The Kid..."

The Kid loved hearing Blackey talk dirty...he just loved it...

"That's it...suck it hard...suck it dry...that's it...take it deep..deeper..."

And now, he was really working on it hard...working on it all the way down...until he just couldn't get it any deeper...

And then slowly, he let it come back out...all wet and shiny.

What a cock he told himself. It was glorious.

He put one hand on the shaft and held it gently while he continued to suck...

That's what he liked doing...

Sucking...

And jerking...

He was good at both of them...

And was demonstrating such as he continued to work out...

Now, his head was moving up and down, like a pair of hips...

He was determined to get his friend off...he was determined...

Faster and faster he worked...

Until finally...

When he knew that Blackey couldn't stand it any longer...

When he knew that Blackey was going to have to come...

He suddenly took his mouth off!

"WHAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING..."

The Kid didn't say anything.

He knew this was going to drive Blackey crazy.
And that's what he wanted...he wanted to hear
his friend beg...

He needed to hear it.

He was really on fire now...

If only...

If only he could hear Blackey begging...that
would really do it for him...that would really make
him nuts!

"What do you want..."

"GOD...YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT..."

"Tell me...come on...tell me..."

"JESUS..."

"Come on..."

"I NEED YOU...TO SUCK MY COCK...TO
SUCK ON IT...JESUS..."

"Yes...that's right...tell me..."

"TO SUCK ON MY HARD COCK AND TO
MAKE IT COME...COME
ON...PLEASE...DON'T LEAVE ME
THIS...WAY..."

That was just perfect, The Kid thought to himself.

Just what I wanted to hear.

And now...

Now he was going to really work him out...

He was going to work him to within an inch of
his life...

And how he loved it now when he put the guy's
cock back in his mouth and felt it all hot and wet

as he did so...

It was just too much!

And now, Blackey's hips were motoring like crazy...

It wasn't going to take long...

He knew he was had...

And he was going to come...

And he loved it...

He just loved it...

"YEAH...OHHH...YEAH...DO IT TO ME...YEAH...THAT'S IT...DO IT TO ME..."

And now he was coming!

He was shooting his stuff back into The Kid's mouth...

Do unto others...

They stayed together like that...glued...until God knows when they finally broke.

It was quite a scene.

Like so many others they'd had together...

And so many others they would have in the future.

Two old friends meeting like ships in the night.



Craig Eppstein

CHAPTER FOUR

Weeknights were always fun at the site, as you've no doubt come to realize.

I guess that wasn't so hard to figure...it was the way it was supposed to be...

I mean...how else were you able to get your rocks off from Monday to Friday?

Beats me.

But every so often, The Kid, who was at the truck stop seven days a week, liked to get a little silly.

He was into outfits of a sort.

He'd get dressed up and roam around the pit dressed like some kind of amazing type character.

A cowboy maybe, or a soldier, or his current favorite, a motorcycle nut.

He was really into that...

Wearing a stupid little motorcycle hat on his head and walking around like he was some kind of tailored version off Marlon Brando!

Everyone got a kick out of The Kid, one way or the other...

And if someone he liked told him he was really a funny guy, well than The Kid went up on cloud nine, and stayed there for a long long time.

Like this one Wednesday night...

Things were calm and slow.

I was pulling a boulder out of the ground that had the foreman decided needed a vacation from our foundation. Fair enough...and the next thing I know, I'm on the receiving end of the latest story about crazy The Kid.

He was wearing his motorcycle hat and a torn tee- shirt, and his jeans.

He was taking Wooley around, showing him the pitstops, so to speak.

I know this is all true, 'cause Blackey told me the details from his eyes to my brain. He was there...he saw it...he did it...

Just as Wooley pulled his ass up.

Wooley was something else!

He was a worker but technically he wasn't on the site because he wasn't really in the union.

His thing was filling in...well...the kind of stuff that no one ever wanted to really know about.

Everyone thought it was because he put out, but if so, that was his business.

How you carried on was your own business, and that was one rule that was never broken.

Not even when you knew what you were doing was dangerous or to the left of the law.

That was the way it was...

That was the rule...

You were over twenty-one, you looked out for your own ass...

We were only a construction site, not the Supreme Court.

So when Wooley pulled in, the first thing that flashed in The Kid's head was "Party!"

The Kid was always up for a party...

Especially on dull weeknights.

So he went around and put his arm over Wooley's shoulders.

"Good to see you, pal..."

"Yeah," Wooley said, slipping out of his pocket a neat little flask of the best scotch around.

Now...

They were both working on the stuff, in The Kid's back room.

And slowly stripping.

Wooley had a big grin on his face.

"It's been a long time, The Kid..."

"It certainly has, my man...so long that I've got a little surprise for you..."

"You do?"

"That's right..."

Now, Wooley thought to himself, just what can that be...

He didn't have to wait long for his answer.

The next thing he knew, the door to the back of the little make-shit bedroom was being opened.

And in comes Blackey.

"Yeah..." Wooley said slowly, as he eyed the big black dude from top to bottom.

"You're right...this is new...how long have you had this around here?"

"This..." The Kid emphasized, "Is Wooley. He has a name as well as a face."

"And he certainly has a face. Come here, son, and let uncle Blackey take a good look at you..."

Wooley went over, smiling.

"He's gorgeous," Blackey said, still smiling.

"Yes he is...and he's very cooperative..."

"Well...I like that...I like that a lot...let's see now...just how cooperative are you?"

Wooley smiled.

He was learning his lessons well.

Especially when he leaned down and started to

undo Blackey's zipper.

"Hot damn...chicken meat..."

It was clear that Wooley and The Kid were going to have a time with this young, blonde baby...

They were going to have a party!

In a flash, they were all naked, and very very relaxed.

Probably the combination of the scotch and the joint they were all passing around now.

Wooley always had the best grass...and The Kid didn't think that was so unusual, considering that he had the strangest looking cargo van.

It was just one of those things...

But what grass!

It went right to his head and stayed there...stayed there and let him feel so good as he started to swoon from it...

"Come here boy," Blackey said, and this time, while totally naked, he began to take off the little chicken's clothes.

The Kid smiled, and leaned back. He too was naked, except for his motorcycle hat!

He insisted on wearing that at all times...

At least for this weekend!

Now, he watched as Wooley slid down to his knees and put his mouth right on Blackey's cock...

It didn't take long for Blackey to start to really get hard...

"Wow..." Blackey said, easily...loving the way

that boy's cock rose...like a Phoenix in the desert...

It was huge.

Somehow, Wooley knew that would be one of the requisites for hanging out with The Kid...

And thank God for that.

Wooley was really starting to get into all that he was...well...getting into these days.

It was much easier for him to feel as if he knew exactly what they all wanted from him...but even more important...what he wanted from them...

And now, he wanted HIS mouth...

He wanted that mouth to work on him...to suck on his prick...to make him feel all hot and good...

That's what he wanted...

To really feel good...

Now, he put his hands on the back of the man's head and slowly brought his prick up to his mouth...

Wooley didn't need more of an invitation than this...

"They grow them aggressive in the midwest," he said, just before his felt his mouth stuffed with cock.

That made The Kid laugh.

He was so proud of Wooley.

They boy had finally learned how to make some moves.

Now, the entire back of the OFFICE was all quiet, except for the sound of hot mouth working overtime on stiff prick.

So good...

It was so good...
He couldn't believe it...
He really couldn't...
Now, he watched as Blackey did his little friend...
And Wooley...
Bless his hard little heart...
The kid was really into it...
Really getting off on being sucked this way.
There was something very hot about seeing the
guy pushing his prick into crazy old Blackey...
Over and over again he did it, now using his hips
to fuck the guy's mouth.
Inspiration!
That's what it was.
Sheer inspiration.
He wanted to take the kid...
Right there...
Right while he was doing him.
That would be kind of fun...for all of them...
Now, he went over to the young boy and got down
on his knees, steadying the kid's ass with his fingers.
"Easy boy...easy..."
And with that he started to lick and drip his tongue
all over the kid's ass...
Smooth as a newborn baby's bottom!
He loved the way it tasted...responding to his
touch...
And the stroke of his tongue...
Now, he slowly parted the boy's ass and began

to work his tongue up and down the crack...

Slowly...

Lovingly...

Making a rivulet of his spittle that ran from the top of the crack right into...

Wooley's hot asshole!

He spread the boy's cheeks further.

He wanted to see that hole...

To see what it looked like.

He was on fire as he put his hands flat on the kid's ass and began to spread it...

So that it was wide open...

Wide open and vulnerable...

And there it was...waiting for him...

All puckered and lovely...

Just waiting to be sucked...to be licked and sucked and eaten.

Well, it wasn't going to have to wait long.

The Kid brought his hot mouth down on it, and The Kid jerked as he felt that brush moustache start to stroke his bottom...

So good...

And so warm...

It tickled!

And that only made him suck Blackey's cock harder.

He was holding the boy's ears now, making sure that he concentrated on what he was supposed to be doing.

“Yes...suck it...suck it good...that’s right...do it good, boy...yes...so good...yes...”

And Wooley obliged.

God, did he oblige.

He couldn’t get enough of this hot, fresh dick in his mouth.

He wanted to suck it for all he was worth...until he just couldn’t suck anymore...until his mouth was saw from stretching

That was all right too...

Blackey was prepared for that.

He let the boy nudge his way down, to start working on his balls...

Meanwhile, The Kid was watching the whole operation, getting hotter and hotter as he did so.

God, but he wanted a piece of this...

Now, he was holding The Kid’s asshole spread

It was driving Wooley crazy, one minute he’d be sucking cock, the next he’d be having his own sucked and licked.

It was enough to make him really start to lose it...

And all the while, he could feel those hands working all over him...Wooley’s on the top of his head, The Kid’s from behind spreading his ass...

And then...

When he felt the first push of The Kid’s tongue into his asshole, he jerked his head back and almost, God, he almost bit off Wooley’s cock.

“Hey,” Blackey said, easily...”Watch it boy...I

need that thing for a little while longer...really...take it easy..."

Blackey then began to lower himself, figuring it was safer if he did most of the eating from here on in.

He put his mouth back on that clean chicken cock and began to suck it.

"Ohhh..."

Yeah...sure...

How could Wooley help it?

He was the sandwich for a duo, and he was loving it...

Just loving it...

The way he was getting worked...

And now he wanted more...

More than what he was already getting...

He wanted it all...

He wanted to have it all...

And he was going to...

There was no way he would be denied now...

"Suck it," he said in his almost little boy voice...

And Blackey was ready to oblige.

The Kid too...

But even though The Kid had the taste of the boy's ass in his mouth, he wanted more...

He wanted to feel it...

In his balls and prick.

It was time!

Time to fuck the kid again...

This time while the little tyke was getting his

prick sucked.

A real treat...

Well, what the hell.

It was a weeknight, wasn't it...and that's what weeknights were all about...

Now, he slowly stood up, the hairs on his own body soaked with his perspiration...

The entire room smelling with the aroma of hot and heavy male action!

And it was like an aphrodisiac, the way it filtered into their noses...

"Yeah...baby...baby...I'm going to fuck you...I'm going to fuck you so good..."

It was The Kid...whispering into Wooley's ear from behind...pushing away the boy's blonde locks so he could better get into him...

"Yeah...that's right...that's it..."

Harder and harder he worked the kid, until finally...when he didn't think he could take it any longer...he took the tip of his dick, and holding the shaft hard in his hand, began to work it up...slowly...easily...into his ass...until he thought the kid was going to go crazy...

Crazy with it...

"OHHHHH..."

"That's right...that's so good...yes...yes..."

And now, Wooley lifted his head to watch...

He wanted to see this!

He wanted to see the boy take it in the ass...

It was a privilege...

Like having the front row seat at an exclusive sex show...

And what a show...

What a show this was.

He watched, breathless, and studied the kid's face...waiting for that first moment...that peak moment of entry when it went in for the first time...

"OHHHHH..."

That was it!

The Kid was in!

Yeah...in like Flynn...and working it up and down...

The Kid was an expert at anal reaming...but with this young kid's tender asshole he had to be extra careful...

He watched as the boy stuck his ass out, like a young chorine...like a wild stallion pony, and pushed against the cock.

What a kid!

Even though it hurt...even though it was so hurting...he couldn't help it...

He wanted more...

He wanted it buried right up there inside of him...

"Come on...give it to me...give it to me good...come on..."

"Yeah...I'll give it to you, kid...I'll give it to you so good..."

And now, the hot lubrication from The Kid's cock

was starting to get them all hot and wet...and bothered...

Especially Wooley...

After all, there was so much he was going to be able to take...

He had to get some of his own...

He had to...

There was no other way...

He wanted to feel it...

He wanted to feel it as he worked his way down, back to that hard cock that was sticking straight up...

What a kid!

A hard-on the size of a yardstick while getting it, standing up, in the ass.

He was going to milk the kid's balls...that's what he was going to do...

With his tongue...

He was going to milk it for all it was worth...

And now...

Now he was sucking on it deep...

Sucking on it and letting it work into his mouth...

Each hairy ball...

Scarfig it up...

"OHHHH...WHAT...ARE YOU DOING TO ME..."

So sweet, The Kid thought to himself. Wooley was just so sweet.

Now, his eyes were closed in ecstasy, as The Kid continued to fuck him from behind while Wooley

sucked on his balls...

He was being worked by the both of them...milked in the front, plastered in the back.

It was too much for his tender years.

He knew that he was going to have to come...

He knew it...

No way he could hold off with this double assault...

"Ohhhh...yess...yes....do me...do me...fellas..."

And now he was being done all right...done to a turn...

He was heaving and breathing and sighing and moaning...

His hands fell to Wooley's head, holding him and petting the back hairs and his neck...encouraging him to continue...to keep up what he was already giving him.

"OOHHHHH...YES...YES...OOHHHHH..."

And now...

Now, he was going to come...

Right in Wooley's mouth...

Each time that The Kid pushed that cock further up into him...he thought he was going to go crazy...

Really...

He just couldn't believe it...

He really just couldn't...

And then...finally...he was starting to come...

He was going to shoot his load...

"OHHHHHHH..."

And then, he was coming!
Right into Wooley's mouth!

He held the back of his head as hard as he could,
to let Wooley know he wanted to come in his
mouth...

Deep in his mouth...

"Yes...that's it...come in him...come in his
mouth..."

The Kid was turned on so much by that little
scene that he started coming himself...

Giving the kid a good squirt job right up his ass...

Deep...

Deeper...

All the way in...

"OOOOOOOO....SSSSSHHHITTTT..."

Wooley couldn't believe it!

He'd never felt anything like this before.

Ever!

It was incredible...

Really...

And something he would remember always...

The best way in the world to get fucked...

By your best friend, who was more like your
older brother, and one of his traveling companions...

He stayed upright for a long time, letting his cock
ooze into the guys' face...while The Kid slowly
slipped it out of his ass...

Yeah...

That was incredible...

When he was finally free he turned slowly and gave The Kid a hot kiss on the lips.

And then, it was all over...

He fell backwards...realizing for the first time how weak he was in his knees..

"Jesus..."

"Yeah...take it easy kid..."

The Kid had to smile.

The kid was just beginning to feel the tension flowing out of him.

And he liked that.

He liked it a lot.

And now...he was going to give the kid a reward.

He was going to let him stay with him all night.

"Relax, kid...just relax..."

"Oooh...that was so incredible...so really incredible..."

"I know..."

And that was the jist of that night.

Just another one in the long series of idylls that took place between shifts...

From one day to the next...

From one site to the next...

In and out in the sex lives of hard hat nights.



Craig Resposito

CHAPTER FIVE

Now, there was this fellow Victor. Victor was a heavy duty hauler on the site, the kind of guy who enjoyed doing the shit work no one else was really interested in. That was one of his unique qualities. The other was his uncircum sized cock. I can tell you, he was known and notorious for both, and I'm not saying which got him more jobs.

He liked to wear his short blond hair cut close to his scalp, making it look as if he were wearing a

pale helmet on his head.

He was a tough one, all right...

The kind that could send chills right through you, if you weren't careful...

And I liked him.

As big and as tough looking as he was, he was also one of the most gentle of creatures.

Which is why, I guess, everyone liked him.

Especially The Kid.

Jeez, The Kid was crazy about him.

And the word that was whispered around was that the only time his personality matched his build and his looks was when he was having sex.

Then, he was a real animal.

Much to the delight of his partners.

At least that was the word that went around.

I can't confirm or deny it, except to pass along to you the standard story about Victor, the one that everyone knows around here.

Seems the first time he was on the site he caught The Kid's eye.

And The Kid caught his.

He was working the cement run and wanted to do a little overtime on the night side. So he came to me.

I said sure, I could do it, no sweat.

And so he took the cement rig to the back and began to work, while The Kid took him back to the office to do a little paperwork of their own.

It was then that he discovered the special dick that Victor had.

As soon as they were in the office, the way I heard it, Victor took The Kid's arm and twisted it, as effortlessly as if he were twisting a pretzel...

And then...

He held him up against the wall, one hand on his neck, pushing his face into it.

"Now," he said to The Kid..."We're going to do exactly what I want, aren't we..."

Even if The Kid were in the head that wanted to say no, there was no way...just no way he was going to...

He wasn't crazy...

He knew what side of the bread he did the buttering...

"Sure...sure...anything you say."

"Good...the first thing, I want you out of those clothes...right now..."

The Kid did just what his friend said.

He was let off the wall, and turned around slowly...so that he was able to reveal himself.

He was standing there, his arms going slowly to his belt buckle, while he moved his neck around to make sure it was still working.

Now, he let the pants slip down his leg.

He was careful...very careful to make sure they got all the way down before stepping out of them.

It was one of The Kid's favorite things to go

around with no underwear.

It kind of made him feel...

More spontaneous.

Which was fine with him.

He liked to hang loose.

Now, he was staring at Victor.

"Don't I get to see you..."

Victor smiled.

"Do you..."

Now it was his turn.

Victor started slowly, taking his clothes off, removing his muscle shirt and then taking his own jeans down.

And that was when The Kid's eyes practically popped out of his head.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing...

The sheer size of it!

Enormous...

It was just enormous...

And then...

When he was sure he couldn't take anymore without touching, he looked up at Victor, who was smiling.

"You like it?"

"I...how big...is it?"

"The biggest you'll ever have!"

And that was no shit!

It was enormous...truly the largest dick that The Kid ever saw.

He figured it had to be a monstrous seventeen inches...which was how the name Victor came to be.

Victor smiled as he put his hand on it.

"My balls need to be licked."

The Kid understood.

He got down on his knees in front of the forboding cock, and wrapped his hands around those strong thighs...

He held on tight as he began to lick those hot muscular thighs...

With long, even strokes right up the side...

So good...

It was so good...

He couldn't believe it...

And now, finally, he had his mouth on those balls...

The tight hairless sacs were breathing with a life of their own...

He couldn't believe the sheer heft of them...like huge bags of lead dust...

"Suck them..." Victor said, easily, putting his hand on The Kid's back, and pressing his face into his balls.

The Kid didn't need more encouragement than that.

He was ready and eager to do his thing. He started to lick and suck at it, working it up in his mouth, taking it deep and really using his mouth and lips...

He was milking it...

Taking it and milking it and working it up...

He couldn't believe it...

Really...

He was on fire...

And he loved it!

He loved sucking Victor's balls...

It was a privilege...

One that he felt honored to be able to do.

And now...

Now...he was able, by stretching his mouth, to get a least one of them all the way in...

"OHHHHH..."

Victor went for that!

He liked being worshiped in that particular way.

He knew how good it felt...

And now...

Now he was pushing his hips up and down, so that The Kid would have to move his head around to be able to keep those balls in there...

"Suck it deep...go on...take my balls deep into your mouth...yes...that's it...that's so good..."

The Kid loved the warmth and wetness...

"Mmmmfff..."

"Yeah...you love sucking...you're a real cocksucker, aren't you...a real cocksucker..."

"Mmffff..."

"That's it...deep...deeper than that...all the way...deeper...yes...yes...good...yes..."

And then, finally, he was getting him off...getting

him all off...

He was going to go crazy with it...

He was going to make The Kid suck him hard...

With a little extra special something...

Like those handcuffs he had dangling out of his discarded jeans...

That would do it...

That would do the trick!

Victor went for the cuffs and in a flash he had them on The Kid's wrists.

Behind his back.

The Kid looked at him, a combination of fear and pleasure crossing his face.

"What...what are you going to do to me..."

"You know..."

And The Kid did.

He knew all too well...

He was going to get fucked in his ass...and he was going to get it while he was cuffed.

"Ohhh...Jesus...not that...not that..."

It wasn't really that he didn't want it...It wasn't exactly that.

It was more the overall drama of what was being done to him.

It just seemed as if he should be protesting.

It went along with the decor.

And now...

Now, he was waiting, and on his knees.

He saw Victor reach for the jar of jelly, and he

swallowed hard.

He was going to have to bend over and take it.

He sighed.

He knew that it was going to come now...

His face was kissing the floor, and his knees were being parted by Victor's hands.

And then...then...

When Victor was ready, he took a glob of the stuff and shoved it inside and right up The Kid's ass...

What wierd feeling...

What a strange, wierd feeling that was.

He couldn't believe it.

He could feel the goo sticking all over, and then, when he was no longer able to control himself, he started to sigh with pleasure.

Because it was a very pleasurable sensation he was feeling...that stuff in his asshole...making him all sticky.

Now, Victor was all over him, making him bend forward to accept what was surely to come now.

"I'm going to do you real good...just relax and let it happen to you...just listen to me and let it happen and you'll be fine...do you understand? Do you?"

"Yes..."

It was all very ritualistic.

The Kid didn't now if he was going to be able to take that gargantuan cock up his ass. He was

afraid it was going to be too big...

Just too big...

And then...finally...he was ready...

He was ready for it...

He was going to be able to take it deep...

He was holding his breath, leaning over, with his hands still cuffed, when he felt Victor's hands spreading his ass.

"Just relax...it's going to be easier that way..."

And The Kid tried to do just that.

Even when he felt the fingers starting to hold open his asshole...exposing it for Victor's pleasure...

"Yeah...you have such a nice one...it's been reamed out to a nice size...really..."

And now, his fingers were going inside...two stiff fingers, the size of fireplace poker, were starting to undo the tension, and add pleasure to the massage...

Over and over he reamed The Kid with his fingers...until he knew that guy was ready.

The Kid's breathing was steadier and huskier...and now he began to take that huge dick of his and rub it up and down The Kid's crack...a kind of warning...a kind of signal as to what was going to come next...

"OHHHHH..."

"Yeah, baby...it feels so good...so good...doesn't it..."

"Yes...Yes..."

"And what am I going to do to you..."

"You're going to fuck me there...you're going to put it inside of me..."

"That's right, honey...right up your ass..."

"GOD...IT'S SO BIG..."

"I know...you're so lucky..."

Victor chuckled softly as he took his shaft in his hand and guided the head, like a torpedo, to The Kid's asshole.

And began to work it in...

"OHHHHH...NO...IT'S TOO BIG..."

The Kid's pleas went unheard, or unanswered if they were...

Instead, Victor concentrated on pushing it all the way in...all the way into his asshole and holding it there...holding it there until it went off...

"OHHHH...THAT'S...THAT'S..."

Even as The Kid was complaining, the change was taking place...

He felt, at first, as if he were actually being split in two...that someone had put a giant axe up his ass and was swinging it around...it hurt that much...it was that sore...

But then...then...

Magically...

As if it had been somehow transformed...the pain began to subside and the pleasure began to take over...

It was a subtle shift...one that took him all over and really began to do him right...

Victor had an incredible amount of rhythm for a big guy...

He was able to move his hips back and forth, easily, pushing that dick of his a little bit more, each time he did so...

And each thrust brought new waves of pleasure to The Kid...

"OHHH...SHIT...THAT'S...THAT'S..."

He couldn't believe it...

It was starting to feel so incredibly good...the pressure of that monster cock against his prostate gland was enough to drive him completely out of his head!

He was loving it now, lifting his own hips and thrusting them, trying to get as much up his ass as he could...

"Yes...baby..."

"OHHHHH..."

"You like it, don't you...you like the way it feels up your ass...don't you..."

"GOD..."

And now The Kid was trying to clutch the side of the floor, his fingers scraping the rug...doing anything he could...because the pain was so intense.

"OHHHH...GOD...GOD...OHHHH..."

"Take it baby...take it all the way in..."

Then and only then did Victor finally get his cock

up The Kid's hot ass...

And when he did, he held it there for as long as he could, with his pubic hairs combing The Kid's cheeks, until finally he pulled it out, just a little, before pushing it back in...

"OHHHH...GOD...OHHH...NOOOOO..."

But there was no room for no now...

He was going to have to take it.

He was going to have to take it and there was nothing he could do about it.

He was trapped...

He was impaled...

He was pole-catted...

And he was loving it...

"JESUS...YOU'RE GOING TO...MAKE ME COME...MAKE...ME...FUCKING...COME..."

Now, Victor reached around to grab hold of The Kid's cock...to hold it and work it slowly back and forth...

Because that was exactly what he wanted to do...to make him come...

"Yeah...that's...right...that's...right..."

"OHHHH..."

"What am I doing to you..."

"Fucking...me...you're...fucking...me..."

"Where..."

"IN...IN MY ASS...OHHHH...IN MY ASS..."

"OHHHH...yeah...OOHHHH..."

"I'M GOING TO COME...OHHHH..."

The switch had been pulled and now there was no turning back.

He was going to come all right...he was going to feel it working through him...

God, what a feeling...

To have that tight cock up his ass and about to shoot his load...

So good...

It was so good...

And then...

Finally...

The Kid felt it starting to happen...he was starting to come...and he was going to keep on coming...

Over and over and over...

Putting a huge puddle underneath him...while getting lots of the stuff right on Victor's hot fingers...

The feel of that hot come was more than Victor could stand...

He suddenly started to shoot his load...

He could feel it coming out of him...

Fast...

Faster...

And going right up The Kid's ass!

And what a feeling for The Kid...

As if he were getting a high enema...

He was loving it...

Just loving it...

And not able to control himself at all...

So good...

It was so good...

Really...

He wanted more...

More...

Give me more...

Finally, when all the spasms stopped... Victor lay on top of The Kid, the both of them trying to get their breath back.

"That was...that was really incredible," Victor finally said.

"Yeah..."

"You're so hot..."

The Kid tried to smile and move, but before he could really do anything, he felt Victor's fingers coming up to his mouth and resting there...

He was going to have to lick his own cum off them...

"Come on...come on...lick them...suck them...do it to them..."

The Kid hesitated but only for a moment.

Once he realized what was going on, he couldn't help but do exactly what was required.

He put the fingers in his mouth and lolled his tongue around...until he was hotly sucking his own stuff...

Really working hard on it...

And then...

Then...

He was moaning and sighing with pleasure.

He loved the taste of his own stuff...

He just loved it...

And knew that he was really going to have to make it feel so good...

So good for Victor...

When he finally finished, he turned his head around and smiled.

"Was that okay?"

"It was more than okay," Victor said, his blonde hair glistening with sweat. "It was pretty all right...if you know what I mean..."

They were both smiling now.

They knew...

They both knew.

Now, all that was left was for Victor to be able to take his cock out...of The Kid's ass.

He knew he had to work slow...that otherwise it would be too painful...

And even though he was being careful, The Kid could still feel it happening to him...

"Ohhh...shit...oohhhhh...God..."

The Kid clenched his teeth.

He didn't want to give too much away.

He wanted to let Victor know that he could take it...

But Jesus, the guy was so big...so fucking big...

And so beautiful...

He sighed deeply when he was finally freed.

And then he rolled over.

Victor looked at his face and held it in his hands.

"I'm sorry I had to cuff you...but it was the only way..."

"That's all right...really..."

"Here...I'll undo you now..."

And with that he reached for the key in his nearby shorts, and in a couple of seconds, The Kid's hands were once more his own.

He rubbed them briskly with his fingers, letting his wrists get some circulation back into them.

He didn't even mind the roughness of the circulation that passed, nor the red marks.

It was worth it.

It had all been worth it.

And now...he was looking at Victor, and smiling.

"You're the best, you know..."

"I bet you say that to all the seventeen inch dicks you run into..."

That made The Kid laugh.

But it was true.

It was very true.

Victor was unique.

That's what he was really saying.

And that's what the reality of the situation said.

"Gotta get going...gotta move my rig..."

Well...The Kid thought...too bad...too bad about that...but okay...things have to be done in their own time...everything has to get rolling...

That's the way it goes around here...they come

in...they go out...

He stood up and slipped back into his clothes,
watching through his rear panel as Victor sauntered
back to pick up his rig.

And then, he was out of there.

The Kid lit a smoke.

Strangers in the night.

Da da da da da da...

He saw Hank roaming over by the coffee shop.

And that reminded him that he was hungry.

Hungry?

He was famished!

He needed some new nourishment.

And he knew just what he wanted.

A big juicy steak!

Just like the one he'd had up his ass!



Orin Exposito

CHAPTER SIX

And meanwhile, Wooley wasn't too thrilled with this turn of events....

Wooley was known to have a bit of the old possessiveness to him, having done the cement run himself once or twice.

And so when he knew that The Kid, his The Kid was fucking with the new guy, he wasn't too happy.

He would have given up the gig, he was that mad, but he decided there were better ways to get

revenge.

And in this man's world revenge was all you could ever want.

The talent for revenge is something guys are born with.

It's something that grows out of the closeness of the comraderie on the open road...it's the social scene at the stops...it's the macho attitude...

It was all of that...

And it made the other things bearable...

Just as fucking helped to break up the long lonely hard hat nights.

Wooley was one of the better looking young workers, there was no mistaking that.

And The Kid was still one of his favorite fuckers.

The Kid had a nice cock...not a monster, but just big enough that when it was jammed up jelly-tight, there was no mistaking who it was that was inside of you and what he was doing.

There was a certain rhythm to his fucking...a certain lilt to his walk...a certain swell to his balls...a certain curve to his hips.

And besides...the man could kiss...and that was most important...most most important...

Especially to a hog like The Kid...

Especially to him.

And The Kid...The Kid saw himself in many ways as some kind of coordinator, or social director..and there was a little bit of fun in that, to be

sure...

He was the big guy of the site ..everyone knew him, everyone wanted to buy him a drink, everyone wanted to fuck him in his ass...

And why not!

Why shouldn't they...

He made working, as the saying goes...almost nice!

So that Tuesday evening, when the whistle blew and the guys were getting ready to make the big beer run at the local pub, The Kid was sitting outside his rig, chewing on a blade of grass, wondering who was going to be the next guy to have a little diddle contest with him, when who should drive up but none other than Wooley!

As soon as The Kid saw his he smiled.

There went the who question.

The only one left now was the how.

Nice problems to have.

Very nice ones indeed.

And then...

Then...

He saw Wooley come over.

"Need a new schedule" he said, softly, putting his hand on my shoulder.

The Kid smiled.

"Well, I think I can fix you up. Where's the problem..."

"The left side...third tire..."

He was impressed.

I mean, you hve to really know your job to be able to sense which tire is giving you break problems...

The Kid nodded to Blackey who checked the thing out and told him have have him back on the site in working condition inside of forty-five minutes.

He grinned.

"That Victor guy around?"

"Sure...right by his mixer.."

"Okay...take your time then..."

He smiled back at him, and went over to the mixer section..where he was going to raise it and get it ready to be worked on.

While Blackey sauntered over to where The Kid was standing...

"Hey, my man...how's it hangin?"

The Kid saw him laughed, throwing his head back.

"Man...I haven't seen you in a dog's age..."

"Yeah... well, I been working..."

"Getting those hopes of all those dudes..."

"Yeah...giving them the pleasure of stuffin' new dick..."

"You cad..."

"Don't I know it..."

"You want something to drink?"

"I thought you'd never ask..."

"Well, you came to the right place..."

"Don't I know it..."

They went back inside the rear of The Kid's truck.

The Kid broke out a bottle of scotch and poured for the both of them.

"Don't you ever take this thing out?"

"Only for the right kind of guy, my man..."

"Might be a good deal. As long as you keep it all for yourself..."

"That's what I had in mind...like a little bit now, you know?"

"Sure enough...sounds good to me..."

"Yeah...I mean...I can always get ride you nice, boy..."

"Ain't that the truth..."

He looked at The Kid's eyes and smiled, his own lighting up...

"You sure are a something, The Kid..."

"What do you mean..."

"Well, every time I come through here you look younger...you must be on some kind of a sperm diet..."

The Kid laughed.

"The best there is...just the best there is..."

"I knew it..."

The Kid clinked glasses and they both drank.

It was a smooth blend and it went down easily.

"Put on a little music, will you..."

The Kid clicked on his tape deck and listened for the smooth sounds of the jazz saxophone he liked...

“Yeah...that’s nice...that’s real nice...”

Crazy Wooley liked the change of mood from the shlock rock he was forced to dance to when he was on stage.

This was much cooler...much more into the sound and the flow of the evening...

He took a few steps back and began to swing his hips a little, gliding around the floor, dancing with himself...

“Yeah...that’s right...smooth...so smooth...yeah...”

The Kid smiled and took a seat in his big leather sofa, getting all set to watch the show...

He stared at Blackey loving his movements, his sense of rhythm and direction...

And then...finally, the real show began!

Wooley started to slowly unbutton his shirt, keeping his head tilted to one side and his eyes mostly shut...

His feet were doing a soft shoe, gliding along the floor, as slowly, the shirt became totally undone and he was able to slip it off both arms.

He took one final slug of his drink and then put it down, so he could twirl lightly on his toes while he got rid of it...

The shirt...

He balled it up and tossed it over his head as the music slunk around the room with him, the sax wailing a slow bluesy something or other...

"Yeah..." she said easily..."That's so nice...that's so very nice..."

He was getting into it more and more...and now, he locked his thumbs into his pants and began to slide them off too...

Slowly...

Easily...

Letting them fall to the ground...

Where he could step right out of them...

"Dummm...daaddummmm..."

He was humming along with the music...loving the way it was sounding...

And he knew that he was really getting into it...

And that he was also really getting to The Kid...

He could clearly see the lump in his friend's pants...as he was now down to his G-string undies...the kind that he always wore when he worked...the kind that made him feel better...

The kind that made him feel sexier...definitely sexier...

And now...

Now he was moving all about the room...sliding and gliding...a regular Gene Kelley...

And he knew that The Kid wanted him to take that G-string off...

To take off the last remaining bit of clothing that was on his perfect body...

Which he finally did...slowly...agonizingly slowly...

"Yes...baby...I love being nude for you...I just love it...don't you love it too baby..."

The Kid smiled.

Blackey!

He was in a world of his own...on some as yet unknown planet...

He stood up...

"No...no...no...you have clothes on...you have too many clothes on...come on...you have to take them off...you have to remove all of them...come on..."

So The Kid did.

He slipped out of his jeans and got down to his skin...

In a matter of seconds.

Not slowly and sensually like Blackey had done...quickly and hotly the way he always did it.

And his cock...

That hard cock of his that had been so clearly pushing against his jeans was now able to hang free...

And he liked that...

He liked it a lot...

He liked the way it felt hard and hanging...

And so, of course, did The Kid...

"Yeah...you got the big dick, all right...you got the touch I want to know better..."

He was such a character, The Kid thought to himself!!

"Come on...let's dance...let's dance together..."

And so they did...

They started to slow dance to the jazz music...

He put his arms out and took Wooley into them...gliding him around the room as he did...

Slowly...

Carefully...

Easily...

They were dancing cheek to cheek now, and as they did so, it was a simple thing for The Kid to slip his hand down and feel Blackey's hard, pulsating hammer...

"Ohhhh..."

The Kid was so sensitive to the touch!

He really loved being fondled like that...to have himself touched and stroked...

"Ohhh...the hands of God..."

And dramatic too...

Now, as they danced, The Kid slowly began to put his arms around Wooley's neck, and caressed him there too..

"Ohhh..."

He liked it when he heard those soft animal groans...

It made him feel as if he were doing something right in the world...that he was making all the right moves...

Now, before he could reach back and take The Kid's cock again, The Kid had taken his...

"Ohhh...let me feel it...let me feel it hard in my hands...let me feel it hard and in my wrist...come on...let me..."

The Kid wasn't going to say no!

He loved his stroke...

He loved the way Blackey let the velvety tight skin run through his hands...

It was enough to drive him right out of his mind...

And as he allowed himself to be fondled...as he allowed himself to be caressed, he gently bit down on the neck of his lover of the night...

"God..."

Blackey was always into a little bit of that...

Now, he took his tongue and shoved it right into The Kid's ear, breathing all around it and sucking out the air...

"Shit..." The Kid moaned.

That was one of his favorite things...

And he knew that he was going to want more...more than that...more than ever...

He was loving the feel and the sense of it...he was like a fire that was slowly being stoked...stoked and tamped...until the embers turned into flames and the flames licked up the side of the brick!

Yes...

He was being stoked...

And he was loving it!

Now, he could feel his own dick being pushed into Wooley's...

"Can you feel it," Wooley asked him, breathless...can you feel it rubbing against yours..."

"You know it...you know I can..."

"And is it good...is it really good..."

"It's so good...I love it...I just love it..."

"Then...then...are you going to fuck me?"

"You know I am..."

"Standing up? Are you going to fuck me standing up?"

"Ohhh..."

"Are you..."

Now, there was a unique twist...

He wanted to get it while they were dancing...

Well...why not...

Why shouldn't they...

It was a good enough idea...

And it was incredibly romantic...

And they were all feeling in this very romantic mood...

Weren't they?

Yes...

The answer was definitely yes...

So, keeping Wooley's arms around his neck, he reached down and took his own cock into his fist...

And bent a little at the knees...

So he could get it in there...

So he could get it just where he wanted it to be...

Up Blackey's ass!

"Easy boy...easy...do it slow...you know how I

like it slow..."

He knew...

He knew exactly how he liked it like that...

And he meant to please...

He meant to give it to him just the way he wanted...

Slow?

Slow then...

He found the folds of skin just below Blackey's balls and began to work his cock under it...causing Blackey to moan and sob and really work on his ear and neck...

"Yes...ohhh...baby...baby...you know it...you know that's what I like..."

And now, he was taking it even deeper...even deeper up behind him, until he felt that little electric spark...right on his ass...right on his asshole...

Just the way he wanted it...

Right up there...

"OHHHH...GIVE IT TO ME...PUT IT IN...PUT IT IN..."

He wanted to get fucked in the worst way...he wanted to get it up his ass so bad...

He took a deep breath and then he felt it starting to work it's way it.

He took his mouth off The Kid's ear and looked at his friend...

"Deeper..." was all he said.

And The Kid was able to get it right up there by

the simple act of standing up straight!

That's all it took...

And in a matter of moments he'd managed to work it right up Wooley's hot, tight asshole.

And held it there...

"Don't move...please...don't move..." Wooley said, all husky and horny...

He just wanted them to dance, with The Kid's cock buried in his ass...

It was so good...

So fucking good...

He couldn't believe this...

He couldn't believe how good this was feeling...

And now...

Now he was moving his hips in a strange, wonderful gyration...moving them all around, up and down...letting them work on The Kid's dick for him...so the guy wouldn't have to do any work himself.

Which was easier said than done.

He really wanted to feel it.

He really wanted to have it working him up and over...

"Come on...come on...hold still...hold still while I fuck it...you can do it...you can do it...I know you can do it..."

And he could...

He was, with some difficulty, able to hold himself still while he felt it coming into him...

God...what a feeling that was...
What an incredible feeling...
Over and over it came...in waves...
Until finally, he was able to start coming...
Without having moved a muscle...
"OHHH...BABY...YOU'RE SHOOT-
ING...YOU'RE SHOOTING YOUR STUFF FOR
ME...GOD...IT'S SO GOOD...COME ON..."

Now, Blackey turned on the engines full tilt.
He wanted it to cream inside of him...
He wanted to really feel it creaming up.
And he was loving it...
Loving it the way it was shooting deep in him.
A sperm enema.
A delicious sperming of up his rectum...
And of course, the result on his own cock, pushing
into The Kid's stomach, was quite predictable.

"Ohhh...hold it, The Kid...hold it with your hand
while it goes off...come on...while it goes off..."

The Kid, still moaning and sobbing over having
just shot, began to grab for that cock with everthing
he had...

He wanted to feel it go off in his hand...
He wanted to really feel it starting to come...
And now...now he was going to make it...
He was going to stroke it just a little...just
enough...to get it going...

"Yes...that's it...that's it...oohh...baby that's
it..."

He was coming...

He was coming like crazy...

And loving it...

Loving the way it was feeling...really loving it...

He knew that he was going to have to start sucking soon...

His mouth wanted some too...

But as they danced, with his cock buried inside of Blackey...and his hand full of new hot cum...all seemed right with the world.

They continued to dance for who knows how long.

Long after the brakes were fixed on Blackey's rig.

Long after they'd each cleaned the other's cock off with their mouths.

And when it was time for Blackey to hit the road again, he was more than eager to get back into his seat...

After which, I knew that we'd be seeing him again soon...

We'd have the pleasure of his company once more...before too many moons passed.

And that was fine with me.

Very much so.

I liked him.

He brought a certain flair to the place.

He was perfect for a Tuesday night.

And that was good.

Really good...

Just what we needed around here to pick things

up.

Of course, what neither of them realized was that Wooley had seen the whole thing, peering in from the little peep hole so convenient on the side of the office.

It wasn't anything malicious or mysterious, nothing like that.

No, it was more...a kind of house privilege.

To be able to watch these two guys do each other, it was a fine, fine thing indeed.

Especially in his own ways having had the two of them.

He knew the pleasures both were experiencing, both were feeling.

And it made him feel good, too.

It made him know that soon he'd have them both again.

For his own pleasure.

His dick was pulsing with life, red and purple and swollen...

Needing a relief...

Needing a nice mouth, or maybe a good hairy asshole, white or black it didn't matter at this pint, just one that would keep his dick warm and wet and ready...

Sometime after work tomorrow, he told himself.

Sometime after work when the guys are all gone and the site is empty, he'd just make some kind of move.

His balls were moving up and down in their sacs, impatient for the release they needed so badly.

"Soon, he told himself...soon I'll have all the fun, just like these guys."

He tried to make no noise as he slipped away from the peephole, confident no one had seen him, no one had known he was there.

Least of all the two guys still breathing heavily inside the office, having just done each other real good!



CHAPTER SEVEN

One of the things The Kid did was to make sure the boys on the site were...well taken care of, in all ways. Some of them did abuse the shit, and that's unfortunate, but The Kid always said that if you were old enough to drive you were old enough to buy, and that sort of made it all right for everyone.

He was that kind of player. Fair, in his own right.

Not that there was anything wrong with it...it was just the way the lay of the land went.

And for Wooley, dropping by to see The Kid was a combination of many things, not the least of which was that he got to spend a night in the back of the office The Kid used for his home these days.

It was a time he spent the entire day thinking about.

Ever since he'd seen them together, The Kid and Blackey, he knew his time was due.

And so it was, this evening.

About nine-thirty when the last of the overtime workers split, Wooley made his way over to the office, the one with the light burning through the window, the one where he knew he'd find The Kid, hard at work...or maybe just hard.

When The Kid saw the guy coming up the walk he smiled and patted Victor on the back.

"It's Wooley...looks like we're going to have some company tonight, pal..."

Victor smiled.

He knew that Wooley was someone special. He liked him...liked everything about him...most of all that he made The Kid so happy.

It wasn't easy always putting these things together. Sometimes you had to take a lot of shit from your your boss. Even if you wanted to be alone.

That's the way it went those days. You paid your dues until you were able to get yourself set up on your own haunches...

And that's what Victor was doing.

So when a scene came by, he had no authority or reason to try to prevent it.

He was supposed to be happy about it...and usually was.

He didn't mind that he was going to be shut out for a night.

That was the nature of the territory.

That's just the way it went.

So...when The Kid gave him that look...that signal that meant it was time to get himself lost, Victor just shook his head, winked and was out of there.

That gave The Kid just enough time to get some ice in the cooler and plop in the bottle of champagne.

And then there was a knock at the back of his office.

He smiled, sat up and went for the door.

He undid the latch and let Wooley in.

They threw their arms around each other and patted themselves on the back...easy- like...relaxed...not pushing anything too much...not letting anything really go between them...more like a couple of athletes after a two- run homer.

And so...as they stood there shaking each other's hand and looking each other over, The Kid could already feel the stirring inside of him.

"I haven't seen you in a couple of days, Wooley..."

"Yeah...well I seen you..."

"You're okay?"

"Oh sure...sure...everything's just fine...I'm just in the middle of some shit right now...but don't worry...I brought you everything you want..."

With that he reached for his little bag of goodies.

They both sat down at the table with the glass top.

On it, Wooley poured out some white powder from one of his small baggies.

Cocaine.

It was the champagne of drugs, and the both of them knew it.

And something else.

The Kid's cock responded to coke like nobody's business.

It turned him into Superstud Number One. It had some kind of crazy effect on his body.

And now...

As he continued to snort at the white stuff, passing the gold straw back and forth between himself and Wooley, he started to feel it taking hold of him...

Like a big, giant, masculine hand wrapping itself around his cock...

That's how good it felt...

That's how really good it felt to have him in his grip...the luxury of cocaine.

The Kid leaned back.

"It's good shit," he said easily, taking a deep breath to get the stuff down the back of his nose.

"Only for you...the best..." Wooley said.

The Kid laughed.

"I know...I know it is...that's one of the things I really like about you, you know..."

"Yeah...I know...I always get good shit..."

"That...and you'd always say if it wasn't...it's a really good way to be..."

"I wouldn't fuck with my friends...unless they had their pants down..."

That made The Kid laugh.

Maybe it was the coke, maybe it wasn't. Whatever the reason, the remark made him laugh out loud.

And that's when he realized he was thirsty.

He got up and went for the champagne.

He popped the cork and poured each of them a glass.

They clanked and drank.

After which The Kid stood up.

He was smiling and rubbing his chest.

And obviously very high from that coke.

He went over to the full length mirror he had on one wall and looked at himself.

He was pleased.

He liked the way he looked...

And the way his cock looked too.

It was sticking right down the side of his pants...thick and obvious through the jeans.

He started to undo his shirt.

He took it off and looked at his rippling muscles in the reflection.

Not bad.

Not bad at all...

He still had it...

He still had the looks.

That was important.

That was what his bread and butter was always bought with...

Now...Wooley put his drink down and came up to his friend...slinking his hands around his chest, then lowering one to slip into his pants...

"I want to feel the big cock of yours," he said, smiling..."I want to feel it hot and pulsing, beating like a transplanted heart..."

Rick moved his hand down a little more and now had that huge dinger in his fingers.

He slipped those fingers around it until he was totally in control of the shaft.

"You like that? Hmmm? Do you?"

He knew The Kid did.

The guy's cock was practically bursting.

But that wasn't enough.

That wasn't going to be nearly enough and the both of them knew it.

So...when it was time for The Kid to turn around, he did so carefully...

Making sure that Wooley's hand stayed right where it did.

And it did!

It stayed glued to his cock...

So much so that even when The Kid began to

unzip himself, he could still feel it...feel it pulsing in his friend's fingers.

"Ohhh...that feels good..."

"You bet it does..." Wooley said, as he began to undo the button and the zipper...

He wanted The Kid naked.

"Come on...get out of those jeans."

It didn't take very long.

In a flash The Kid was stripped, allowing his huge dick to stick straight up in the air.

He was ready.

His cock was telling him so.

He was ready for some good fucking...

And that's what he was going to get...

Some good, honest home-on-the-farm fucking!

"Lie back on that sofa," Wooley said.

All right.

Why not!

The Kid suspected that Wooley was up to something, but so what...he was game...he was game for it.

He let himself go back, spreading his legs as they bent over the edge of the sofa.

His cock was really high now...sticking wonderfully up between his legs.

He loved the way that looked.

He really did...

And now...

Now he was ready for action!

He was ready to get himself going...

He looked at his friend, who was reaching for the coke again.

Now...The Kid wondered...what was he going to do with that?

What?

He didn't have long to wait.

The Kid took the bag, opened it, while on his knees in front of his friend, and looked deep into The Kid's eyes.

"Relax...let me do the work...you just relax and enjoy it..."

"All right..."

Now, Rick took The Kid's cock and spread the tip of it open, using the fingers of one hand to do so...

It wasn't all that hard to do...he was an expert at working head...

Now, with the peehole gaping in front of him, it was a simple thing for him to stick his finger into the bag of coke and lift out a small mound on the tip of his index finger.

He looked at The Kid once more, grinned, and then started stuffing the coke right into The Kid's cock...right into that hole!

"OHHHH...JESUS...THAT BURNS...THAT BURNS..."

"Only for a minute..." Wooley said. "You can take it for a minute, can't you? Just for one minute?"

"I...I guess so..."

"Good...I promise you you won't be sorry...you really won't be..."

"I'll...try...I'...OHHHH...JESUS...THAT STINGS..."

But, sure enough, a couple of seconds later, the sting was wearing off and something else was starting to happen.

He could feel it deep inside...

His cock...

It was starting to stretch...and get bigger...and harder...and stronger...

At least that's what he felt it was doing...

He couldn't quite put his fingers on it...

But it was the coke, for sure...it was the coke that was doing it to him...

He couldn't believe the way it was affecting his noodle...

Now...suddenly...he was even more enervated than before...

Through his watery eyes he was able to see Wooley, still on his knees in front of him, grinning and licking at his lips.

"There..." Wooley said..."You like that? You like the way that feels now..."

"Jesus...yes...it's incredible...really..."

"...baby...I know...I know just what you feel...I can tell..."

"Yeah..."

"Oh yeah...let me suck it out...let me suck the

stuff out of it..."

Now, Wooley put his hands on The Kid's cock and held it tight...held it and worked it slowly up and down...easily...letting it pump up and get nice and purply red.

He knew that when he started to suck the head, The Kid's juices would mingle with the coke and produce a thick creamy blend of goo that would stick on the inside of his mouth, and get him high too...

What a mixer...

Pre-cum lube!

He took a big sip of the champagne and shoved the bottle back down, holding the bubbly in his mouth.

"Mmmmmm..." he said as he slowly opened his mouth, careful not to spill any, and put it on the guy's cock!

He closed his lips around the head of hit, letting it get nice and juicy and wet, while he started to suck...

And suck...

And suck!

Hard...

He was pulling on it hard...and sure enough, amidst the groans and moans of his friend, he could feel it start to drip...

With that acrid taste of the coke and the pre-cum drooling into his mouth...

The Kid plain couldn't believe it!
He'd never felt anything like it before!
He was on fire with it...

He was really on fire now, and loving the way it was coming out of him...

Slowly it oozed...until he thought he was going to really start to come...

God...

Coke up the cock...

What a feeling...

The real pause that refreshes!

"Ohhh...that feels so good...so fucking good..."

"I know baby...I know...you love it, don't you...you love it so much..."

Wooley was holding The Kid's cock and talking into it as he did...

Loving the way it felt...

Just loving it...

Now...he wasn't sure that he was going to be able to take much more...that The Kid wasn't going to be able to hold it back before he came...

And that's what he wanted...

For The Kid to shoot his juices...

"OHHHH...SHIT...THAT'S SOO FUCKING GOOOOOODDD..."

The Kid's mind was being blown as well as his cock.

The coke had worked it's way to his brain now and he was feeling like he was in one giant swoon.

He couldn't get his bearing quite together...he no longer felt that his head was the center of his being...

No...

It was his cock...

His world was now revolving around his prick...

And he loved that...

He loved the way that felt...

And then...when it started to come over him...the great waves...he thought he was going to really lose it...

The numbness was ringing from his cock like the rings around a rock in a pond...

"Ohhh...shit...that's...incredible..."

And it was...

The way his prick felt as it was being sucked...the awful, wonderful feeling of having his prick worked on...it was all too much...too much for him...

And he knew it...

He started to buck his hips...

He reached out and took Wooley's busy head in his hands...holding on to it, working it up as he did so...

And over and over again he was able to feel it in his hands...

To feel it as it started to come come...

His climax seemed to start from deep in the bottom of his balls...from his Kundalini!

He was moving his hips and dancing while sitting...in that special way of moving that he had

only when he was just about to come...

He couldn't believe it...

He just couldn't.

He loved the way it felt...

Just loved it...

And didn't think he was going to be able to take much more...

"OHHHH...WHAT ARE
YOU...OHHH...THAT'S
SO...OHHH...GOD...OOHHH..."

And now he was starting to lose it...

The coke had reached in and grabbed hold of his balls and was sucking on them like so many blood leaches...

He was going to come...

He was going to shoot it...

Right into Wooley's hot mouth...

Right into that sucking machine that he was attached to...

"OHHHHHH...SO GOOD...SO HOT AND SO GOOD..."

Finally, when he could no longer stand it, he had to let it go...

He just had to...

He humped his hips up and down until he thought he was going to go crazy...

Really crazy...

And then he started to come...

He was shooting it over and over and over...until

he was pumping it like warmed milk...all over
Wooley's face...

Yes!

His face!

Wooley had pulled it out of his mouth just at the
magic moment...just at the point when he knew his
friend was going to come...

He wanted it to shoot all over him...he wanted
to feel it on his face...

And he was going to...

He was going to get it...

Get it good...

Deep...

All over...

And as The Kid shot...spurt after spurt when all
over Wooley...

Some went in his air...

Or his eye...

And ran down his face...

And gathered up sticky on his chin...

It was a gorgeous sight to see...

And an equally gorgeous one to feel...

Wooley stuck his head back, and took one of his
own hands and rubbed it in to his skin...

Deep...

All over...

From his forehead to his neck...

Running his fingers through his hair and letting
it gather up in his hands, licking off the excess.

He smiled as the cum hardened to a masklike texture.

He stared at his very stoned friend.

"I think I want you to lick it off me now..."

The Kid smiled.

He was sweating from the coke, and unable to quite focus his eyes properly...but he was more than willing to give it a try...

He put his hands on either side of his friend's face and began to lick at it...

Slowly...

He continued to do the licking, until he couldn't take much more...

His raspy tongue was like a cat's...as it sucked down the stuff...taking it in long upward strokes...

God but he loved it...

Loved the taste of his own cum coming off of Wooley's face...

He was really on fire now...

And couldn't believe how good he felt...

He kept it up for a long time...

And when he was finished, he sat back, well sated...

Or so he thought...

Wooley got up, stood to his full height, and started taking his own clothes off...

The Kid watched, wordlessly, until his friend was totally naked.

His pole, too, was standing stiff at atten-

tion...waiting for some tongue...

"Come on...give it to me...give it to me good...come on..."

Sure thing, The Kid thought.

He'd love to.

Like nothing better.

He started to lean over, and felt Wooley's hands stopping him.

"Uh-uh. On your knees...come on buddy boy...on your knees..."

And so it was that he fell to his knees, eager to take the submissive position.

Now, his mouth was level with Wooley's hot and big balls...

"You're going to suck it," he said..."You're going to suck my balls and cock...aren't you..."

"Yes..."

"Until I come...isn't that right..."

"You know it is..."

"Good...that's good...come on now let me feel you lick those balls..."

"OHHHHH..."

And now, The Kid brought his face forward and literally buried himself in Wooley's testicles...



raig Esposito

CHAPTER EIGHT

Now it was The Kid's turn.

He'd done everything he could to try and please Wooley...

He'd let him do all that good stuff to him, and had waited patiently, even with his mouth watering...even with his cock in his own hands.

Now...

Now he was going to get his way...

He was going to have it all his way...

And that meant that he was going to get to suck
Wooley's great-looking cock.

And it was great-looking...

One of the best...

It was sleek and hard and pale, with a transulence
around it that made it seem to almost glow from
some inner fire...

And it was hard and stiff and incredibly long...one
of the longer cocks The Kid was going to come up
against.

He liked that...

He liked the way it hung above those big
balls...those tennis ball balls that hung like
pawnbroker symbols...

He was well-built, and ready for action...

And hot...

And it was that heat which drove The Kid...

Drove him to do things he perhaps wouldn't have
done ordinarily.

He liked that...

Liked it a lot...

And there was nothing he was going to be able
to do about it...

He was really on fire as he sank to his knees, his
mouth dripping with saliva.

He needed it...

God, he needed it so bad...

And he was determined to take it...

That's what he wanted...

To be able to take it...

He knew that he had to have it...that he had to have that cock in his mouth..

And as he knelt in front of Wooley, he let his tongue start to wash those glorious balls.

Wooley put his head back and sighed...

"Yes...that's it...that's so it...oohhh...yes...'

He couldn't believe it...

He was really loving this...the way it was working on him...the way it was making him start to get all wet...especially at the tip of his prick...

Yes...

Ohhh...yes...

"Suck it...put it in your mouth and suck it..." Wooley commanded..."And look at me...look at me deeply...in my eyes...I want to see your eyes...while you suck my dick..."

The Kid was helpless to resist...no matter what Wooley wanted...

There was nothing that would seem to depraved now to make him want to do it...

He was lusting after it and he couldn't hide that fact...

Nothing could hide it...

It was all he wanted now...

All and everything...

If his life came to an end afterwards he'd be happy...

He was sure of that...

All he wanted was a mouthful of cock...

He put his hands on Wooley's knees and looked up at the man...

And grinned...

"That's right, boy...keep those eyes on me...keep them there..."

"Unnnhhh...yes..."

"Now...open your mouth..."

The step-by-step illustrated guide to blowjobs!

He did as he was told...

"And put it in your mouth..."

Again, he did as he was told.

And then he felt a sharp crack across his face!

A hard slap!

"Okay...now...do it this way...do it the way I told you..."

"I...I..."

"I told you to look at me...I want to see your face...you're not looking at me..."

He wasn't doing it right!

He deserved that slap, he told himself.

Now, he kept his eyes glued on Wooley's...as they glistened and glowed in the night...

Yes...

They were quite beautiful...

They were so clear and icicle blue...

Now, he was getting ready to take it in...

He opened wide, like at the dentist, and proceeded to take it deep...

"Aaaahhh..." he said softly as he felt the thing slide in.

All the while keeping his eyes on Wooley's...
It was amazing...

He never quite got used to the taste of cock...it was altogether exquisite...and he liked that...he liked it a lot...

Now...as he sat there, tasting it in his mouth...he knew that he was going to just go wild...

It was hard and it was soft, both at the same time...it had that wonderful texture of being smooth and pungent...and just the right fit into his inner mouth...where his tongue could pat it up from underneath...

"Ohhhhh...yeah...that's good...you suck it good..."

Wooley was beginning to fall for it...all the way...he was beginning to take it in deeply...he was loving the way it was tasting...how it felt in his mouth...

He didn't think he was going to be able to take much of it, especially with The Kid's eyes on him, before he came...before he shot his load...

Ohhh...God...to come in The Kid's mouth...to come in it and fill it with with sticky cum...and to watch him as he tried to swallow it...

The very thought...

The image in his mind was making him crazy ...

Now...

The Kid began in earnest to deep-throat him.

He used his entire head...moving it back and forth, taking it all the way in and letting it stay there...until he was about ready to shoot his hot load...

That's what he wanted...

To shoot a hot load into the waiting mouth of The Kid...

"Suck it, boy...suck it good..."

And good he sucked it!

Slowly...pulling it in with the suction of his mouth while he pulled it out from his mouth...

So good...

It was getting to Wooley...

Too fast...

It was too fast...

But he couldn't stop it...

Neither of them could...

And he had to hold on to The Kid's head while he made him suck on it...while he made him suck it so good...

"Yes...take it...take it deep...deeper...you can do it deeper than that..."

And he could...

And he did...

The Kid looked down at the bush of hair that was in front of eyes...getting ever closer to him...and once again felt the sharp crack of Wooley's hard palm on the side of his very hot and sweaty face!

CRAAA—KKKK!

"I told you not to look away...don't make me remind you again..."

He wouldn't...

He definitely wouldn't...

And now...

Now he was going to begin to work his magic...

Keeping his eyes, of course, all the while on Wooley...the flame on his face reminding him that that was what was required now...

So he looked up, feeling appropriately humbled by the act...

If only...

If only he could close his eyes and lose himself...

He let one of his hands gently come up and start to fondle Wooley's balls...

That certainly helped...

He could feel Wooley start to twitch around on his back, like a fly being tickled by a needle...loving the way he was being worked...

His entire being seemed to center around his cock and balls...

They were the king...

They were the species of living that he really enjoyed the most...

To be worked over like a king...

To be treated like royalty...

As royalty wished it could be treated...

And each time that The Kid thrust his hot mouth

down that shaft...he thought he was going to go crazy with it...

"OHHHHH...SO GOOD...SO FUCKING GOOD..."

And then...finally...he felt himself starting to come...

He could tell...he could feel the bubbling from within...

And it was going to rise up and crest...it was going to crest over the edge...

He couldn't believe it...

He really couldn't...

He stared down at the anxious slave face below him...

The Kid looked so good with a dick in his mouth, he decided...

Just the way he should look...

That good...

Really that good...

"Suck it baby...suck it good...let me feel you working me...yes...let me feel you..."

The Kid increased the pressure of his mouth on Wooley's dick...

He too could sense the climax about to come...he too could sense it was going to happen...that he was going to come...

"OOHHHHH...YES...YES...RE-
ALLY...YES..."

And now...Wooley had the both of them in such

a state that he grabbed hold of The Kid's ears and held them tight...

While he got off in his mouth...

"MMMMMMFFFF..."

The Kid could hardly believe how much cum came shooting out...

It was too much to believe...

Just too much...

And the more that came the more he loved...

It was going to drive him completely out of his mind...

And he knew it...

He just knew it...

He tried to swallow it all, taking great gulps of it down...which wasn't easy, considering he had to keep his head tilted in such a way that he could keep staring at Wooley...

After all, he didn't want to be slapped again!

Well...not really...although, the truth be told...it wasn't all that bad...

Not all that bad at all...

Now...

He was watching Wooley, who was smirking, the way a horny mother might catching her good-looking son masturbating...

She loved the way he looked...

And wanted more of this...

More of the way he was supposed to be behaving...

"Naughty boy," he said, softly, as he slipped his cock out of The Kid's mouth and gently used fingers to push back into it any of his own cum that might have dripped free...

And now...

Now, The Kid thought that maybe he was through with him...that he was finished...that he was going to let him off...

But that was only on the surface.

Deep down inside he knew that he was far from finished...that it was anything but over.

He hadn't paid his final dues...

He hadn't quite done his total time...

There was still some form of hell to pay...

There was still something to look forward to...

If that's the way you could look at it.

"Get up," Wooley said with that unmistakable sound of authority and sadism so neatly wrapped up in his voice.

Slowly, The Kid came to his feet, a trickle of cum still lingering down one side of his face.

"Now, get on the bed, baby...I'm going to do you..."

The Kid shuddered.

He knew what that meant.

He knew what he was in for now...

And he wanted it...

He wanted it bad...

To be able to feel it all up inside of him...to be

able to respond to the warmth of that big dick...

Knowing that he wasn't going to be able to come again so quickly, which meant that his ass was going to get a good reaming...

Ohh...the thrill of it!

It was enough to drive him really completely out of his mind...

Yes...

Give it to me...

Give it to me with both barrels...baby...

And he did just that...

The Kid got on the bed and rested his chin in his hands...

And waited...

Now, he felt Wooley's hands sliding up the inside of his thighs...caressing them and making them feel so good inside...

He loved that...

Really loved it...

And he was slowly being spread apart...being spread open and apart...and loving the way he was being prepped.

OHHHH!

The cool gooey slip of vaseline going up his ass...

He liked the feel of that...

A lot...

He liked the way it felt as he took it in his asshole...

Wooley was working silently...professionally,

making sure that he was giving him a good coating of it...

"Relax...I'm not going to hurt you...I'm really not..."

There was something soothing in Wooley's voice...like the ooze that came out of a reassuring nurse's voice...

So soft and calm...

And easy to take...

Slowly...

Ever so slowly...

He could feel it starting to work up inside again...

And now...his ass was being held apart by Wooley's tight, tough fingers...

"OHHHHH..."

"Yeah baby..." Wooley cooed. "It's good...it's so good...isn't it...you like it so much..."

It was true.

No sense to deny it.

True.

Now, he gasped as he felt Wooley's finger sliding right up his hot ass...

Right up there!

Impaled!

He was impaled...left hanging...drifting... on a lover's hot finger...

He tried to regulate his breathing...but he couldn't...

He tried to hold back the thickness of his pulsing

cock, but it was folly...

He was hard and pumping...getting all juiced up...

And there was no way he was going to be able to hold it in...

He wanted it...

He wanted it so badly...

Too badly...

Aaah...but that had always been his downfall...had always been the thing to make him succumb...

To give in to his carnal desires...

Matter over mind...

He looked over his shoulder at Wooley's sweaty face and got a smile back.

He let his eyes drop to Wooley's hard cock...a man in the state of erection...an incredible sight...enough to send chills down his spine...

He loved it...

Really loved it...

And wanted it buried up his ass...

It was big enough, he thought to himself...but just...so as to make him feel as if he were on his wedding night...

Nothing less would suffice...

Nothing!

Now, he opened his mouth silently as he felt the first brushstroke of cockhead going up against that ass...

And he was loving it...

He could feel it deep inside of him...starting to twitch and turn for it...

His ass was begging...

Openly begging...and thoroughly greased for it...

How he wanted to feel it inside...

How desperately he wanted to feel it...

And now...

Now he was starting to get really hot and horny...really hot and horny and desperate...

"Put it in," he begged...softly...moaning...like a virginal beauty on her first fuck!

"Please..."

"Here...you're going to have it...now...right now..."

And with that, Wooley proceeded to push...to push the head of his cock into the gaping, greased hole that awaited him...

All the way up inside...

Easily sliding...

Getting in there nice and easy...

It was going to be something...after all...it was going to be so good...so nice...so smooth...

He swallowed hard as he felt it...

Yes...

That was it...

That was the magic feeling...

"OHHHH...GOD...FUCK ME...FUCK ME
GOOD...FUCK ME GOOD AND

HARD...THERE...RIGHT
THERE...OHHHH...RIGHT THERE..."

Now, Wooley had found the groove...

At last...

He was easily half the way up, and still starting to get in...easily up there...and loving it...loving the way it felt...

"Give it to me...please...give it to me good..."

And he was taking it so nice...so smoothly...he couldn't get over it...

How loose his ass was...

How loose and juicy...

He clutched at the sheets.

This was the best fuck he'd ever gotten...

Just the best!

"OHHHH...YES...FUCK ME...FUCK
ME...GOOD...YES...FUCK ME SO GOOD..."

now he was all the way up there...

The Kid turned his head...he wanted to see Wooley's hips pushing up inside of him...he wanted to see them pulling him apart...

"OHHHH...GOD...THAT'S SO GOOD...SO
FUCKING GOOD..."

He couldn't believe it...

He just couldn't...

It was driving him crazy...

Really...

He was going to come first...

No...

Mustn't...

Mustn't do that...

Mustn't come...first...

OHHHHH...

But yes...

He was going to...

He was going to shoot his stuff and come first...

He was going to let it all come out...

He couldn't help it and he couldn't hold back...

Too much...

It was all too much...

And he knew it...

And so did Wooley...

"Shit..." Wooley groaned as he snaked his hand around and took hold of The Kid's hard and pulsing dick...

"That's it...hold it...hold it while I get off...ohhh...yes...hold it while I get off..."

Which was just what Wooley did...

He loved it when he felt it starting to come...when he felt it giving out...

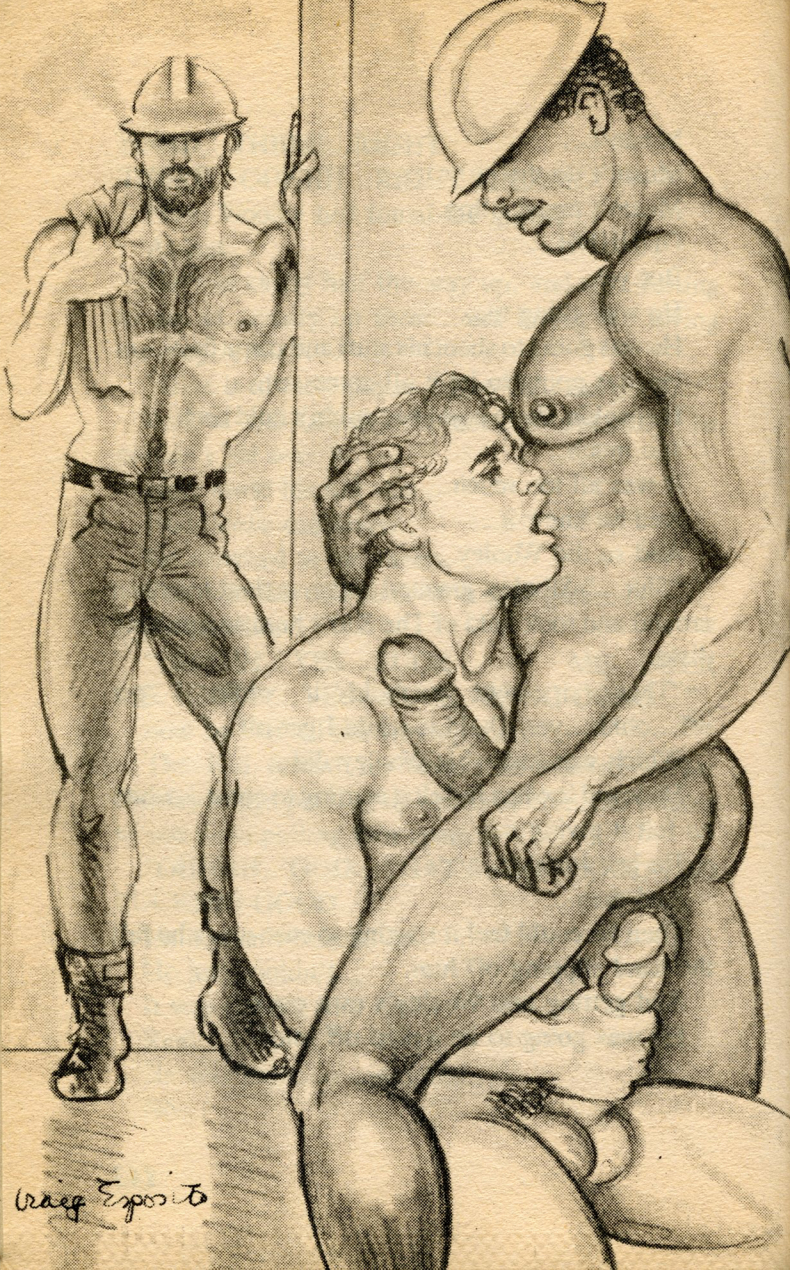
He just loved it...

And then...

Then he could feel it starting to ease up as he felt the hand slipping off him...

And getting into Wooley's own cock...

He was going to be jerked off into!



Craig Esposito

EPILOGUE

It seemed liked days before it was finally over.

Wooley got up silently and left the office as silently as he could.

He was much taken with all that he had seen and felt...

He loved it...

Loved coming in, fucking The Kid and leaving.

And The Kid's wasn't the only truck stop in America, 'nuff said.

As for The Kid...he could hardly move his ass...

He knew that he'd been taken...and he loved it...loved everything about it...

And could see no discernible reason for moving...even one muscle, for the rest of the night.

Eternity...

Even then...

So when he heard the familiar footsteps outside the door he didn't bother to get up or even cover himself.

Time enough for Victor to understand the facts of hard hat life.

He turned his head slightly when he saw the young boy.

He had no explanation if that's what the boy was after.

It wasn't.

Far from it.

He licked his lips when he saw The Kid's ass.

He wanted something else.

Victor was intoxicated with the smell and the scent of The Kid's ass...

He loved the way it was responding to him...the way it felt and tasted...

So good...

It was so good...

He couldn't get over this...

And now...

Now...

He wanted more than anything to get the residue into his mouth...

The entire place smelled like spilt semen...

That husky, male enclave scent that was halfway between sweat and beer...that peculiar rash of masculine aroma that no cologne could quite approximate.

That's what he was after...

That's what he wanted...

And now that's what he was getting.

Yes...

Give it to me...

I want it all...

Victor got on his knees and worked himself slowly into his lover's ass...

He began on the back thighs, letting the slick hairs that were there get caught between his shiny white teeth as he began to lick upwards...upwards as he took each batch in his mouth and sucked off the juice of sex...

He could taste a lot of The Kid and a little of Wooley...

The perfect combination...

Now, as he worked his way up The Kid's thighs, he could begin to get the scent of it up his nose...

That slight burning sensation...

He knew well enough what that was...

The smell of sex!

The burnished aroma of hot, pulsating sex...

"OHHHHH..."

The Kid couldn't believe it.

Was he actually going to be allowed to lie there and have the luxury of being eaten out?

Of having his ass cleansed of all body fluids by his young buck sex student?

Was Victor actually going to suck out the last of Wooley's sperm?

It was too much to ask for...

Too much to hope...

But not too much to want...

"Watch out...I'm a little greasy," The Kid said.

The least he could, under the circumstances.

"Come on...come on..."

Now, he threw all caution to the wind...

He wanted it deep in him...that hot, young tongue...

Give it to me...give it to me good...let me feel it working it's way up there...come on...come on...

Now, thus encouraged, Wooley began to work, harder and harder...

He began to taste the acrid mix of the asshole-embellished semen as it worked it's way down...

Time and time again he thrust his tongue up there, holding The Kid's ass apart with his fingers...

"Ohhh...but it was so good...so good the way it clung to his lips..."

It was going to splurge out!

It was...

The Kid was raising himself up on his knees
now...

He had to...to be able to wiggle himself...

And wiggle himself he did...

Over and over...

Until he didn't think he could take it anymore...

How could he...

How could anyone...

It was more than he could bear!

"Ohhh...God...Victor...Victor...it's so good..."

"Mmmmmmmfff..."

"Tell me...tell me what you're doing..."

"Mmmmmfff..."

But of course it was too much...too much to
tell...it was starting to really drive him crazy...really
drive him out of his mind...

He was rotating his hips, and his cock was hard
all over again...

Just like before...

Just as if he'd never come in his life!

He wanted to shoot...

To drop a load...

To get it all out of his system...

If only he could...

If only...

Victor seemed to sense what his mentor wanted...

That was, perhaps, why he was the chosen
one...why he loved taking that cock and fondling
it and letting it work up so well...

“Yes...that’s it...that’s...GOD...THAT’S JUST IT...”

He could feel the boy’s hands now as they worked on him...

As they worked him up...getting him harder and harder...making him go just a little crazier than before...

And he knew that he was going to have to shoot it...

That there was nothing he was going to be able to do about that...

Except to come...

And come again...

And again...

And again...

The real prisoner...the ultimate prisoner of sex...

His balls were swelling...and Victor kept his mouth obediently glued to the hot asshole, tongue-thrusting and mouth sucking as he did so...

Making sure that The Kid was pleased.

That was his goal in life...

That was his reason for living...

To please The Kid...

To keep him content...

“OHHHHHHH!”

The first gush of cum came dribbling down the side of his face...

The Kid had given up some!

It game in a hot creamy and thick gob...

And liked that!

Jesus but it was a tasty morsel...

So he licked still harder...hoping he could get another hot glob of it...

"SHIT..."

The Kid was nearly sobbing, it felt that good...as if it were being taken out of him and worked with an inch of his life...

So incredible...

He'd do anything for this boy...anything now...even let him be fucked by Rod...if that's what he wanted...

"Take it...take it good..."

The mouth continuing it's sucking...it's weaning...as the juices came down the crinkled avenue...

While those fingers continued to work on him...

It was like nothing else he'd ever felt before...

He was loving it...

Just loving it...

And he knew that he was going to make himself incredibly hot and hard form it...

He was, as unbelievable as the thought was to him...

Going to come again...

He was going to pass down another load...

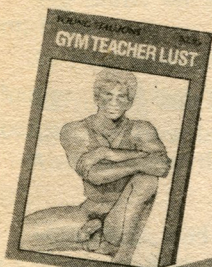
Yes...

Take me...

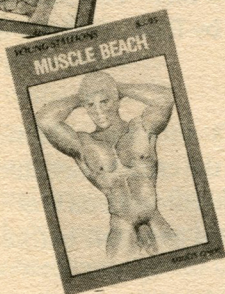
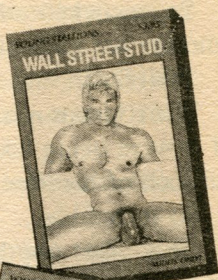
Make me come...

GUSH!

Nice 'n naughty!



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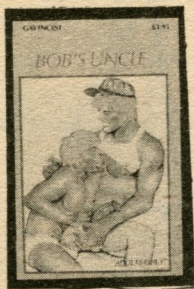


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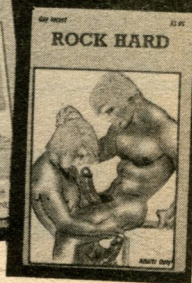
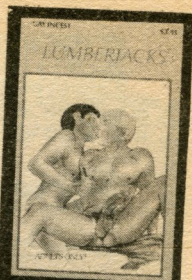
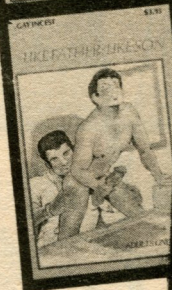
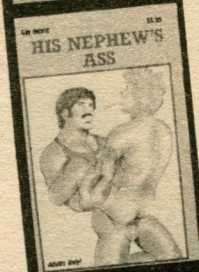
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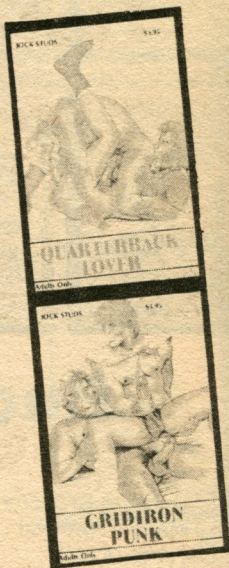
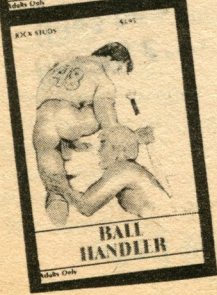
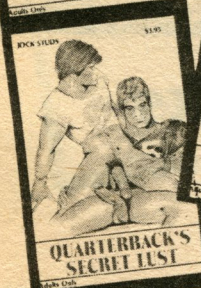
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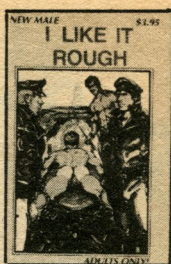
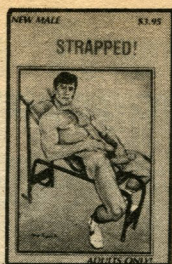
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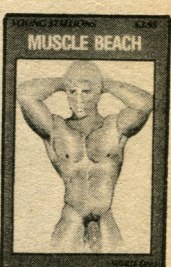
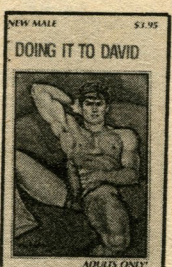
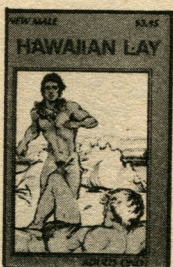
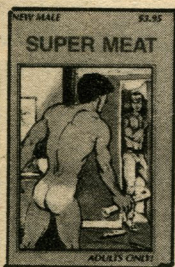


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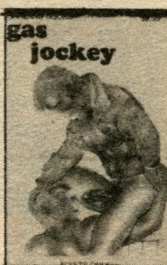
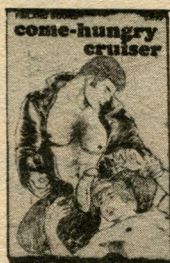
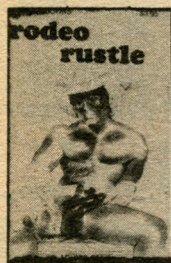
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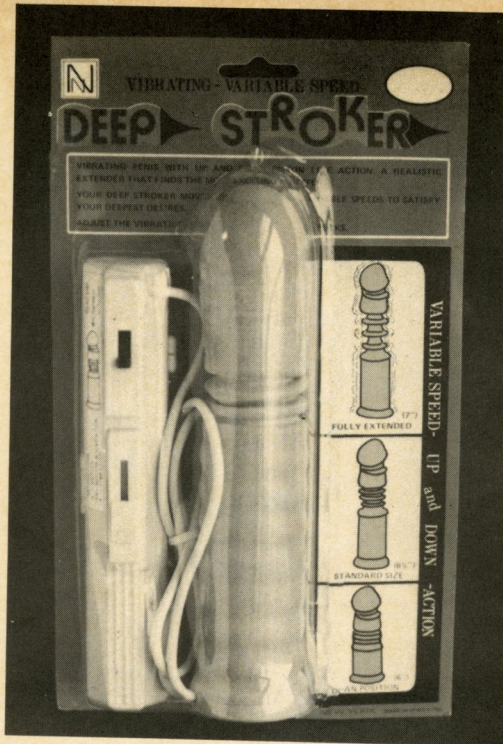
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